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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 569
EDITORIALS:
The Protection Swindle 572
The Reparations Tangle 573
On Watch in Haiti 573
Blood and Thunder 574
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 575
RUSSIA FROM A CAR WINDOW: III. THE SPIRIT OF THE GOVERNMENT. By Oswald Garrison Villard 576
PITY THE POOR TARIFF. By Paul Y. Anderson 579
PARITY UP OR DOWN. By Frederick R. Barkley 581
COMMUNIST "CRIMINALS" IN CALIFORNIA. By Upton Sinclair 582
REACHING FOR THE SKY. By David G. Bareuther 585
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 586
CORRESPONDENCE 587
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
The Boy in the House. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin 589
The Illustration of Children's Books. By Stephen G. Rich 589
An American Commoner. By Oswald Garrison Villard 590
Small Ways of Small People. By Clifton P. Fadiman 592
Spooks and the Like. By Harold Kellock 594
Verse for Children. By Eda Lou Walton 594
Pueblo Stories. By Mary Austin 597
The Harvest of Children's Books 598
Fiction in Brief 603
Drama: In the English Manner. By Joseph Wood Krutch 604
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 605
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
What Next in Porto Rico? By Luis Muñoz Marín 608

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THE "SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS," to quote the trouble-making phrase of Senator Moses, seem for the time being to control the Senate completely. There is even talk of organizing a coalition in the House to back up "the gyrating crew that rules in the Senate," to quote the Senator from New Hampshire once more. Senator Smoot, wearily admitting the complete rout of the Old Guard, suggests on the floor that the Senate take a recess until November 20 to give the coalition time to rewrite the bill, which he would then be willing to see voted upon, amendment by amendment, without a word of discussion. Senator Borah, for the coalition, flatly refuses to accept this offer. The ruling combination goes on its devastating way, voting down one higher rate after another; but in restoring the duty on manganese ore, for example, it shows that it is animated by resentment, not against protection, unhappily, but simply against the high rates selfishly desired by the industrial interests. Senator Norris's proposed amendment for a tax that would absorb practically the whole profit in excess of 25 per cent on any sale of imported goods can scarcely be intended seriously; for it is hard to see how it could be administered. The situation as a whole—wherein a tariff bill is virtually abandoned to its enemies—appears almost without precedent in American tariff making.

DESPITE NORMAN THOMAS'S fine showing in the New York City election we cannot regard the results of the campaign, with Mayor Walker's overwhelming victory, as anything else than discouraging and disappointing. The vote for Congressman La Guardia was almost the lowest ever polled by an anti-Tammany fusion candidate. Not even the Italians seem to have voted en masse for Mr. La Guardia; the other foreign-born groups were unaffected. Curiously enough, snobbish reasons put on the side of Thomas many who never before voted a Socialist ticket. They discovered that Mr. Thomas is a "gentleman" and a graduate of Princeton, and that Mr. La Guardia is not a college graduate, or a silk-stocking, or of old American family. Hence it will not do to regard all of Mr. Thomas's vote as indicating a renewed interest in socialism. But it does leave him the undisputed leader of his party in this country and puts him in a better position than ever to render public service. In Reading, Pennsylvania, the Socialists, by the way, have now made a clean sweep and hold almost every elective office—proof that the voters of that city are not displeased by the government they have been receiving. In Boston, to the dismay of all those curious persons who would like to see a progressive, well-governed, modern city, the good-government candidate was defeated by more than 19,000 votes by James M. Curley, who was twice before mayor of that city.

IN THE INDIANA ELECTION the Democrats carried practically every large city, unhorsing a number of Republican bosses and further eliminating the Ku Klux Klan from the sordid politics of the State. Cold chills are reported to be running up and down the spines of various Hoover managers in consequence. But the overturn was due to come if only because of long-continued Republican mismanagement and corruption. In Virginia the effort to hold the State in the Republican column ended disastrously, as should have been the case with Bishop Cannon at the head of the bolting forces. There may come a time when Virginia will really take its place among those American States in which there is honest bi-partisanship, but it will surely not do so under the lead of this apostolic stock gambler. While we cannot feel that these results are to be attributed to dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoover or Congress, it may well be that they point the way to a sharp reaction from republicanism in next year's elections. Finally, we are glad to note that Mr. Thomas's supporters in New York are joining hands with the new Committee for Independent Political Action with a view to capitalizing the enthusiasm engendered by his campaign.

FOR TWO RECENT SPEECHES Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York deserves warm thanks. Speaking on the Sunday before Armistice Day, at the foreign military ceremony known as the "massing of the colors" which has lately been adopted by some super-patriots in this

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country, he refused to devote his address to extolling only the militaristic virtues. Instead he called upon his hearers not to fight more battles in the field of arms but to devote themselves to warring against "the evil forces of greed, of materialism, of selfishness, headed by those who cynically deny that there is any prosperity or goodness that cannot be expressed in dollars and cents." It was a good, well-spoken word, at a most effective time and place. Similarly praiseworthy was his recent exhortation to the legal profession to end red tape in the law, to put a stop to the growing popular belief that there are two kinds of law, one for the rich and another for the poor. The bar needs such excoriation. It sits idly by while officials freely violate the laws and put their own interpretation on them; it cannot bring itself to end the third degree, to take the offensive against a corrupt judiciary, or to end the delays by which it profits.

A BRAIN-SHAKING PROBLEM was recently presented to our State Department—namely, what to do about the Soviet fliers who inconsiderately appeared over the environs of Washington, flying due east from Moscow. These four young Russians had piloted their plane Land of the Soviets 13,000 miles across half the world, part of the way over Siberian wastes across which no track, even in the air, had previously been made. They turned out to be modest, unassuming members of their craft, interested in the progress of aviation, and with no apparent desire to turn the United States Government on its ear. But the State Department was worried. It had been the custom to send an official representative from that branch of our government to welcome fliers coming from foreign lands. French, Germans, Mexicans, Irish, and Guatamalans have already been so welcomed. But obviously a plane from a government that is technically non-existent cannot be honored in this happy company. What to do? The State Department took counsel with itself and uttered its ukase: Henceforth no official welcomes will be tendered to representatives from any country! One hopes that the Soviet fliers will be able to bear up under the blow. Meanwhile there were many Americans, among them Colonel Lindbergh himself, who were willing to welcome them as brave and skilful craftsmen, and who now wish them a safe voyage home.

IF TOM MOONEY did not plant the bomb that killed ten people in the San Francisco preparedness parade of July, 1916, who did? Three people have come forward to answer that question and to declare that the real criminal, according to a death-bed confession which he made to them, was Lewis Smith, a wandering soldier of fortune and army deserter who died in 1922. The three witnesses are the dead man's sister, his nephew, and a friend named Frank O. Stevens who brought the confession to light by writing from the National Military Home at Dayton to Senator Schall of Minnesota. This new evidence is now under investigation by federal authorities and by Chief of Police William J. Quinn of San Francisco. We hope that it will lead to the discovery of the criminal, but we do not believe that Governor Young of California should make it a pretext for any further delay in freeing Mooney and Billings. Their innocence does not depend upon the guilt of Lewis Smith. They have remained in prison for thirteen years although the judge and jury which convicted them declared that they were convicted on perjured testimony. Their continued detention in prison is the clearest case of judicial tyranny in the history of our courts.

IT MAY NOT BE DANGEROUS to murder strikers in North Carolina, but recent developments in Gastonia prove that it can be somewhat embarrassing. Stung by nation-wide criticism because the case against the murderers of Ella May Wiggins, Gastonia striker, was dismissed without even an indictment, Governor Gardner appointed Judge P. A. McElroy to make an investigation of his own into the killing and the alleged suppression of evidence. On the first day of Judge McElroy's investigation Horace Wheeler, a Loray mill worker, was identified by witnesses as the man who had killed Mrs. Wiggins, and when the investigation ended fourteen men were charged with murder and conspiracy and held for the January term of the Superior Court. Probably they cannot be convicted in view of the present state of public opinion in North Carolina, but Governor Gardner's determination to make them face a trial is worthy of praise. Meanwhile in Marion, North Carolina, where the strike of cotton-mill workers came to a climax with the killing of six strikers by a local sheriff and deputies, the community has been divided in bitter warfare by the dropping of some hundred union members from the mill-village Baptist church. Five criminal trials growing out of the strike are scheduled, with the strikers as defendants in four of them.

THE DIFFICULTIES of the French bloc system were never better revealed than in the floundering efforts to form a Cabinet which characterized the three weeks after Briand fell. Briand had succeeded to the premiership when his chief, Raymond Poincaré, was forced by illness to resign, and his Cabinet, which included André Tardieu as Minister of the Interior, was substantially the Poincaré Cabinet, composed mainly of members of the Right but governing with the tacit support of the Radical Socialists. Extreme Right and extreme Left combined, by insisting upon an immediate discussion of foreign affairs to which Briand objected, to topple the Government. Thereupon Edward Daladier, the impetuous chief of the Radical Socialists, sought, retaining Briand as Foreign Minister, to form a Left Government, and might have done so had not the orthodox Socialists decided, by a bare majority, not to participate in a bourgeois government. An effort to form a Center Cabinet also failed, and finally Tardieu, who seems to have outlived most of the memories of the N'goko Sangha scandals, formed a Right Government, still retaining the elastic M. Briand in the Quai d'Orsay. The Chamber remained the same throughout; it is so splintered into tiny parties that almost any government or policy, if led by a sufficiently strong or oratorical personality, can win a momentary majority; and by the same token, almost any government can be defeated in a moment of tension.

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT seems to be holding its own well in political matters, however it may succeed in dealing later with economic troubles. Mr. MacDonald's report on his American visit, given to the House of Commons on November 5, was well received and brought cordial expressions of approval from Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Liberal

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chief, although the latter had to have his fling by insisting that Mr. MacDonald assure the House that no valuable British rights, privileges, or immunities had been bartered away in conversation with Mr. Hoover. The House of Lords accepted the assurance of the government spokesman that the declaration of Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, to the effect that India was headed for "dominion status" involved no change of policy; and on that point the House of Commons, after talking the matter over, saw no revolution impending. The proposed resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia also received the expected support. All this means, apparently, that Mr. MacDonald will be allowed to go on with his preparations for the London Conference without interference by the Opposition, and be given a chance to show what can be done in the way of reducing and limiting naval armaments. Even M. Tardieu, the new French premier, spoke in the most friendly terms in his ministerial declaration of the London Conference; and M. Tardieu, if we remember aright, is not exactly an ardent lover of Britain and its ways.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the danger spot in Mr. MacDonald's immediate future. J. H. Thomas, who adds to his duties as Lord Privy Seal those of minister in charge of unemployment, laid his proposals before the House of Commons the day before Mr. MacDonald spoke. The Government intended to go ahead, he said, with public works already begun to the amount of some $200,000,000, nearly all of that sum representing wages either to workers directly employed in the undertakings or to workers in industries that would be indirectly benefited. The larger items mentioned included $50,000,000 for water-supply systems and other local improvements, $35,000,000 for the improvement and electrification of railways, $65,000,000 for the London underground railways, and $40,000,000 for highways. With these expenditures for public works were to go also efforts to increase the export trade, especially with the dominions. How much actual relief will follow from these huge outlays is uncertain; Mr. Lloyd George, who took Mr. Thomas sharply to task for his recent visit to Canada, insisted that the government plan would not give work to more than 30,000 men this winter; but there is no doubt that taxation will have to be increased in the long run. The primary cause of unemployment in Great Britain is the marked decline in British industry and agriculture under foreign competition. It seemed like an echo from the halls of Congress to hear L. Worthington Evans, Mr. Thomas's principal Conservative critic, calling for protection in the shape of a continuance of the McKenna duties as a better remedy than public works.

POLAND AND AUSTRIA seem to be vying with one another in the effort to bring parliamentary government into contempt. The Polish Sejm, whose budgetary session was put off on October 31 because of the presence in the building of a body of armed officers known to be supporters of Marshal Pilsudski, was prorogued for a month on November 5 by President Moscicki, apparently much to the relief of its members. The vacation is interpreted in some quarters as indicative of a desire on the part of the Government to compromise, but as long as the parties opposed to Pilsudski are mainly concerned with nursing their differences there seems no reason why Pilsudski's power should wane. In Austria a new constitution is the bone of contention. The constitution which Chancellor Schober, under pressure from the fascist Heimwehr, has introduced would break the Socialist hold on Vienna by reducing Vienna from a province to a capital district, with its finances and administration directly under state control. In the face of this threat the Socialist resistance has stiffened, at least in words, but this did not prevent the Heimwehr from staging one of their biggest parades at Vienna on October 27, while on November 7 a pitched battle in the medical school of the university, said to have been started by Heimwehr students, resulted in the closing of the university for several days. The report of a constitutional compromise which the Socialists may agree to accept offers little hope for anything beyond a temporary adjustment of the difficulty.

A WELL-MEANING GENTLEMAN from Florida finds himself in an extremely delicate position. He is Mr. L. A. Tatum of Tallahassee; one of his daughters attends the Florida State College for Women. Mr. Tatum discovered that the young ladies were being exposed to certain textbooks which contained "very improper and objectionable" matter. So with a colleague, Mr. A. Pichard, Mr. Tatum caused to be published a pamphlet containing extracts from the improper and objectionable textbooks as proof of the danger that the young ladies were in. And, such is an ungrateful and shortsighted justice, both of these public-spirited gentlemen have now been indicted for sending obscene literature through the mails. Alas for public spirit! The New York *Times* finds itself also in a fix over what it considers improper and objectionable. Harcourt, Brace and Company wished to advertise Vina Delmar's latest novel. The title—whisper it—is "Kept Woman." The *Times* would not pollute its advertising pages with such bad and, of course, unfamiliar words, although it was willing to advertise the novel without the title. The publishers replied by canceling their year's advertising contract, a matter of some $25,000. But in this case, as in that of Mr. Tatum, virtue must surely be its own reward.

A LIBERAL, broad-minded, public-spirited prince was the late Max of Baden; a fine figure, if not a strong one. But he was strong enough to force the abdication of the Kaiser in the closing days of the collapsing German monarchy, and forever to eliminate the effeminate and ineffective Crown Prince from the public life of his country by compelling him to sign his renunciation of all right or title to the empire and the kingdom of Prussia. Prince Max's arrival at the chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse was certain notice to the Allies that the democratic forces were gaining the upper hand. Indeed, he had the respect of all who knew him. But the Prince himself went down with the wreck, in that his chancellorship ended forty days after it began, with the rise of the new republic which might well have called this enlightened man to serve it in one capacity or another. Instead, he was allowed to retire to his seat at Salem on Lake Constance, where he devoted himself, among other things, to the establishment of a modern experimental boarding school for boys of all nations, with the purpose of giving them the broad, tolerant, international point of view which distinguished the Prince himself.

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The Protection Swindle

THESE are glorious days in Washington for those who have been for years declaring protection a pure swindle and a bold-faced robbery of the people. Never since the time of McKinley and the Mulhall inquiry of 1913 has the machinery of tariff-making been so exposed to public view and the utter cynicism and selfishness of the tariff beneficiaries so revealed in all their nakedness. From the purchase of tariff favors to the deliverance of the bargain, the complete *modus operandi* has been exposed for everybody to see. Henceforth no honest man can deny that as tariff-making is now carried on it is merely a question of bargain and sale plus political influence. All pretense that this is to benefit the American laborer or the consumer is at an end. Only Joseph Grundy himself has had the effrontery to bring up that long-discarded shibboleth "the foreigner pays the tax." That the tariff hurts the farmer has been freely admitted. The very object of this session of Congress is to offset the injury done him by the magic hocus-pocus of including him within the sacred tariff wall, as if this would in some way raise the prices of his products to him and lower them to the consumer.

Were there bold and radical leadership in Washington in either the Progressive or Democratic camp, irreparable damage could now be done to the whole protection theory. Had the Democrats, and Al Smith in his utter ignorance of things economic, not entirely abandoned in the last Presidential campaign their historic party theory that the tariff should be for revenue only, they would have in their hands today a mighty weapon with which they could certainly wipe out the Republican majority in Congress, as the Democrats were able to wrest control of the House from the Republicans in 1892. Were the Progressives able to free themselves from the entire tariff fetish and refuse to uphold it in any manner, they could electrify the country and could drive home beyond dispute the crookedness and the economic folly of the whole business. But the Progressives, with due respect for their courage and their fine intentions, are economically blind on this tariff issue. They fight valiantly against corruption in the field of oil, against the misuse of water-power, against lobbies and the prostitution of government to personal advantage and profit, but they do not see that there is no other source of special privilege as potent of evil as the tariff.

Senator Bingham has been deservedly censured by the Senate both for his imposition upon the Senate Finance Committee of an official of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association in the guise of his confidential private secretary, and for imputing political motives to the Norris committee of inquiry which properly criticized this dishonest and dishonorable procedure. We are, however, ready to thank heaven for his stupidity, since it has revealed to the public how one Senator thought of his office—that he was the servant not of the people of the State of Connecticut, but of its manufacturers; that his prime duty as he saw it was to increase their profits. Senator Bingham was stupid enough to get caught; but no one need think that his position was otherwise unique.

Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania, too, deserves well of all tariff reformers. He has unblushingly stated that he raised a million dollars for the Hoover campaign fund. When Senator Caraway asked him: "You feel that the manufacturers bought this legislation and ought to have it?" he replied: "If the legislation was mentioned in the platform it ought to be enacted." When asked again: "You have not asked for any legislation except that which would put money in the hands of the manufacturers?" he could only answer: "I would not put it that way." Again pressed by Senator Caraway's query: "Did you think your party could not be trusted and that it would be better for you to come here and watch it?" he responded: "It is helpful for us to be here. There are not enough of us down here as it is. The bill has not yet been passed and we do not know definitely what it will contain." Finally the very frank Mr. Grundy admitted in reply to a question from Senator Walsh that "we were seeking increases generally." "Were you seeking for any reductions?" "Not a single reduction."

So there we have it! A deliberate, brazen assertion that the manufacturers were out only for increases in tariffs to enlarge their profits—not even the claim that foreign competition demanded it, or that it was done to benefit labor, or to raise the American standard of living, or to protect infant industries. The farmers may go hang, and all the consumers, too. The manufacturers having got their snouts in the tariff trough want to get their feet in, too. They do not pretend that they are going bankrupt. How can they? Take our poor down-trodden steel industry. Since the last revision of the tariff in 1922 the profits of the United States Steel Corporation have been $642,875,105; those of the Otis Steel Company rose from $492,207 in 1922 to $3,476,811 in 1928, while the starving Bethlehem Steel Company could only increase its profits from $4,607,254 to $15,908,830 and the poverty-stricken Inland Steel Company of Chicago could barely raise its profits from $1,150,008 in 1922 to $10,394,297 in 1928.

So all along the line. The weak little chemical industry, Senator La Follette pointed out in an admirable speech, has now surpassed the steel business in size; Treasury statistics show that it is the "most prosperous" of all the large American industries. Yet it secured in the new bill more than ninety increases in tariffs, some as high as 700 per cent while only fifty decreases of no great significance were made. The duPont Company, Mr. La Follette showed, was interested in fourteen of the paragraphs in the new bill in which increases were granted, and the Allied Chemical Company and Union Carbide Company in five paragraphs each. Yet the duPont net profits rose from $12,920,458 in 1922 to $66,653,039 in 1928, during which period their invested capital grew from $234,000,000 to a mere $397,000,000. The Allied Chemical net profits in the same period rose $12,000,000, and the Union Carbide $22,000,000. Yet these poor starving concerns demand more protection!

The picture is complete. We are utterly opposed to the whole tariff swindle and we devoutly wish that it could be carried to the people as a single issue in a political campaign.

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The Reparations Tangle

WE do not yet know whether the second meeting at The Hague of the Powers immediately concerned with the Young Plan is to be postponed until after the London naval conference, or whether an attempt will be made to get in a meeting before the London conference assembles; but the second session, whenever it is held, promises to be as memorable, if not as spectacular, as the one at which Mr. Snowden fought and won his dramatic duel with France and other claimants of German reparations. There will be, nominally as the most important item of business, the report of the committee which has been laboring for weeks at Baden-Baden to draft the statute organizing the proposed Bank for International Settlements; but along with it, and rivaling it in importance, will be, in all probability, the text of an agreement or treaty between the United States and Germany providing for the direct payment to the United States, without using the bank as an intermediary, of what Germany still owes on its American war account.

Until the report of the Baden-Baden committee is made public we shall not know, of course, what the final recommendations of the committee are, but there is abundant reason for believing that the committee have been having a pretty hard time. The novel task of organizing an international bank would have been difficult enough under any circumstances, but it appears to have proved doubly difficult because of the curiously mixed and contrary conditions that have to be met. The proposed bank is political and non-political, and both at the same time. It is to perform political functions, those, namely, of collecting and paying reparations imposed upon Germany by the Powers that defeated it, but it is to do this as a strictly non-political financial institution. The main purpose of the Young Plan is to take reparations out of politics. On the other hand, the bank is also to be endowed with all the powers of an international super-bank, with the right to engage in industrial or commercial operations anywhere in the world, but all the while it remains a political institution because it is to act as the agent of a group of Powers in accomplishing a political purpose. No wonder that the committee have found it hard to determine from what source the bank is to derive its authority or what its legal status should be; no wonder that some of the smaller European states feel that unless the bank is effectively controlled by some other international body it may easily become a menace; no wonder that the Belgian members of the committee left for home when the committee refused to locate the bank at Brussels and decided to establish it at Basle, in neutral Switzerland.

Meantime, without regard to what the proposed set-up of the reparations machinery may be, the United States has dislocated it somewhat in advance by announcing, in effect, that it does not intend to have anything to do with the international bank. As soon as the proposal of the bank by the Young committee was definitely known, the Hoover Administration announced that the Federal Reserve system would not be allowed to take any official part in it. The United States has consistently taken the position that war debts and reparations are separable matters; that it is not interested in what the European states may do in exacting reparations, provided its own claims upon Germany are not jeopardized; and that it can not allow the payment of what the so-called Allies owe to it to be made dependent upon the amount of reparations that Germany may pay. As the proposed international bank, apparently, is in practice to handle both reparations and debts, collecting and administering the one and with the proceeds paying the other, Mr. Hoover has only followed a principle already laid down in asking Germany to make its payments to the United States directly.

Of course such an agreement, if it is concluded, will make trouble for the Powers when they meet again at The Hague. They will have to rearrange the schedules of annuities set out in the Young Plan, and will probably have to recast other provisions of the scheme. This does not mean, necessarily, that the ultimate adoption of the Young Plan will be endangered, any more than the success of the German Nationalists in forcing, by a bare margin of required votes, a popular referendum on the adoption of the Young Plan means that the plan will be repudiated by the German electorate. What it does mean is that the United States intends to avoid another European entanglement.

It has become increasingly clear, as the report of the Young committee has been studied, that an international bank is no essential part of a reparations settlement. The committee proposed it as a convenience, but their elaboration of the scheme shows that they also had in mind an institution whose functions should far exceed those required by the reparations business. Mr. Hoover, as far as we know, has not expressed any opposition to an international bank as such, or as an agency for handling reparations. His opposition is to an arrangement which, if it were carried out, would force a change in American policy.

On Watch in Haiti

THE American marines in Haiti are sleeping with their arms beside them, and are not permitted to stray away even for the usual diversions of golf and tennis. Two editors were arrested in Port au Prince on November 4 for violation of the press laws and their newspapers suspended. There is fear of an uprising—fourteen years after the Occupation began! It is somewhat startling to recall, in view of all that has happened in these fourteen years, that Admiral Caperton, acting upon instructions from Washington, assured the Haitian people when he landed his troops on that remote August day that

> The United States of America has no object in view except to insure, establish, and help to maintain Haitian independence and the reestablishing of a stable and firm government by the Haitian people. Every assistance will be given to the Haitian people in their attmpt to secure these ends. It is the intention to retain United States forces in Haiti only so long as will be necessary for this purpose.

The uprising, if uprising there be, will not today be directed against the American occupation, though doubtless the marines would be called upon to put it down. It will be directed against the puppet President, Louis Borno, who was elected, with Yankee connivance, in 1922, and reelected in 1926 by a Council of State which he had himself appointed. M. Borno, who in 1928 solemnly assured the Haitian people

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that he would order congressional elections for the spring of 1930 and then retire, has just informed his people that there will be no elections in 1930, which seems to mean that he intends to continue as president and dictator until the United States treaty with Haiti ends in 1936, when the protection of the marines will presumably be withdrawn. It means also that Brigadier-General John Russell, American High Commissioner to Haiti and its super-President, consents to this.

We doubt, as a matter of fact, the likelihood of an uprising this year. But the fact that the marines have been ordered to stick to their posts has its significance. It is an admission by our military authorities of the unpopularity of the government they support. But what do they intend to do about it? Is there no hope in sight of a restoration of constitutional government in Haiti?

If there is any hope, it must lie in Washington. General Russell has abundantly demonstrated what should have been evident from the start, that the military mind cannot understand the processes of democracy or instruct in the art of government. General Russell's ideal at best has been efficient rule; he has not been interested in self-government. Under the Occupation the communal basis of the Haitian governmental system, which endured, through many vicissitudes, for a full century, has been whittled away. The entire financial system has been concentrated in Yankee hands, and no effort has been made to instruct or train Haitians to supersede the foreigners. Power has been concentrated in an Executive whose position was of doubtful legality in the first instance, and the only people in Haiti with any tradition of governmental responsibility have been kept out, a sullen, cowed, but patriotic minority.

The first step toward remedy is to name a civilian to replace General Russell. Congress contemplated a civilian High Commissioner when the office was created, and the mistake should be remedied at once. Fortunately, there seems to be hope that the new Administration may take this first step. *The Nation's* readers are well aware that it regards the whole course of the American occupation as an utterly unconstitutional and unjustified invasion of an independent republic and an illegal usurpation of its sovereignty. We should like to see immediate, unconditional withdrawal of our invading troops. But in fourteen years we have destroyed the old basis of the traditional Haitian government; and even those who have disagreed sharply with *The Nation* in the past will admit that today we have an imperative and immediate obligation to prepare the way for that withdrawal which even the treaty we foisted upon Haiti contemplates for 1936. A civilian with a civilian mind could take steps to that end; General Russell, plainly, cannot or will not.

"We have not materially increased literacy, or, what is more important, economic, social, and political capacity," Dr. Millspaugh, for some time the American Financial Adviser, wrote in *Foreign Affairs* last July. It is an appalling admission; but Dr. Millspaugh might have gone farther. He might have said that we have even made the Haitians less capable of efficient self-government than they were when we so confidently took them in hand. To permit "President" Borno to continue to postpone the restoration of legal, constitutional, elective government in Haiti would be a confession of the utter bankruptcy of the American administration. Let us have as our representative in Haiti a man who will not be a mere conniver in dictatorship.

Blood and Thunder

EDMUND PEARSON has written a book about dime novels. Doubtless it will be appropriately noticed by the literary department, but in the meantime we wish to make a confession—which is that during a certain period of our own youth the adventures of Diamond Dick and his fellows constituted our chief reading. Many a time since we have listened with shame to the stories told by our contemporaries and regretted that we could not boast like them of precocious taste, that we could not add our own story of how we had devoured Pope's "Homer" at the age of eight or like Max Beerbohm preferred "Marius the Epicurean" to "Two Years Before the Mast" because the former, containing no hard nautical terms, was easier to understand. But the truth is sacred. Even Henty was too mature for us, and we were barely up to the Alger books. For pure aesthetic delight only the paper-backs would do.

In those days the name of Beadle, whose "Dime Library" was responsible for the generic term used to designate a particular class of literature, was unknown to us. He—great innovator that he was—had disappeared before our time, and we remember that we wondered vaguely why our favorite books were called "Dime Novels" when the standard price for them was five cents. But a generous nickel's worth it was. It included a lithographic cover illustrating the most exciting scene of the story, and this cover was in brilliant colors which would have put to shame the drab black and white Mr. Beadle had supplied for double the price. Moreover there was the greatest variety available in the different series, each of which appeared once every seven days and constituted a successful book-of-the-week club.

For some reason only Diamond Dick and Nick Carter seem to have survived in the consciousness of the general public, but there were others whom we admired as much. Surely Frank Merriwell, invincible on the athletic field, deserves to be remembered, and so does a certain other youth so fertile in invention that he constructed a new flying-machine, submarine boat, or amphibian caravan every week. Nor, for that matter, was Diamond Dick the only great Westerner or Nick Carter the only great detective. Indeed we greatly preferred Old King Brady (ably seconded by his son Young King Brady) as a sleuth, and Young Wild West as a knight-errant of the plains. This latter, we remember, had long golden curls which showed up beautifully in the lithograph and he was accompanied by a beautiful girl named, if we mistake not, Annette. They were "sweethearts" and generally believed to be engaged, but during the years when we followed them neither seemed in any haste to get married. Yet the breath of scandal never touched them, for like Robin Hood and Maid Marian they ranged the country content with a purely platonic affection.

We repeat that we are sometimes ashamed to confess our early reading, but we are not sure that we regret it because we have noticed that since our maturity we have been little troubled by that hankering after "a good detective story" which seems to affect most other great minds. Perhaps we got enough of that sort of thing when we were young. If so, we are inclined to regard the time as well spent.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

WITH the football season drawing rapidly to a close I am assailed by my annual pang of regret that Harvard and Princeton are still at loggerheads. In its day this encounter was buoyed up by an old and interesting tradition. Football, like wine, is poor stuff until it has been aged. I would not go across the room to turn a radio dial for the sake of hearing Ohio State and Northwestern. Not, you understand, that these institutions are not admirable, but their rivalry is of much too recent a vintage to be very thrilling.

The more I mull about the matter the greater becomes my puzzlement that Princeton should have taken the decisive step in the break with Harvard. No college ever sat prettier than the Tigers. Year after year they met the Crimson team after a disappointing season and always they came to life to perform prodigies and win a brilliant victory.

To many Princeton undergraduates that one game represented the hope of an education. There were scores who worked their way through college by betting each year against Harvard. And in the homes of Princeton graduates from the classes before the break one could note rich rugs, fur coats, and electric pianos. They were prosperous enough to afford luxuries. Indeed, in one Princeton home I saw a book, and when any man from old Nassau goes in for literature you may be sure that he is treading on velvet and that he doesn't care how he squanders his money. And in those days there was no need for thrift among the Tigers. Princeton Football First Preferred never failed to yield a dividend to those who backed it.

One Tiger, whom I used to know before the break in the relations severed our old friendship, supported two aunts and a grandmother by parlaying his bets against Harvard. It seems to me a tragic thing that these three fine old ladies must now go hungry since the source of their income has been cut off. And the worst of it is that their ordeal is imposed for a matter of petty pride. Princeton, as I understand it, felt that Harvard was too high hat. Whether or not this complaint is well founded makes very little difference. It is never necessary to establish a complete case in order to set up a symbol. To Princeton, Harvard became the archtype or token of snobbery and superciliousness. And out of this idea came great benefits to young men who wore the orange and the black.

Thousands and thousands of Princetonians have gone out into the world quite freed from the inferiority complex because of the peculiar efficacy which Tiger teams had against the Crimson. And this was salutary because, as a matter of fact, the Princetonian who feels inferior is suffering only by the kindest stretch of the imagination from a complex. But even an actual inferiority can be swept away in the glamor of a football triumph. It should be unnecessary to point out that the benefits were conferred upon many who never made Coach Roper's squad. When Wittmer gets loose the most meager freshman in the cheering section is also free and hell-bent for glory. "Hold 'em!" shout the undergraduates in the stands, and as they cry out they brace their legs against the concrete and all their muscles are ridged and tense.

It was very pleasing to all the friends and supporters of St. George to have him slay the dragon. As I remember, the contest was conducted privately and they only read about it in the papers. Yet even this was helpful. After that men on lonely roads were less afraid and when dragons came against them they said "Scat!" most resolutely. But in time the spell began to wear off. A dragon is pretty big and when a few years had rolled around after the exploit people began to forget about it. There was one man in particular who came suddenly around a bend in the road and there, lying with his head in a ditch and his tail in the opposite gutter, was a most venomous monster spitting fire. The traveler, upon a sudden impulse, turned and ran. The fact that St. George had killed one even bigger seemed to slip his mind for the moment. To run was a mistake. One should never run from dragons but approach them resolutely, crying "Down, Sir!" At least, running was a mistake in this particular case, for the dragon caught up with the fugitive within a hundred yards and then and there devoured him completely.

The moral lesson of the mastery of man over monsters would have been better established if St. George had made his dragon-killing an annual affair with a low charge for admission. There would have been less fear in the minds of the timid if the gallant warrior had walloped one of the great beasts every year. So it was with Princeton. The fish-scaled reptile from Cambridge had no terrors for the Tigers since they had seen him humbled with great regularity. Heaven knows what this seasonal triumph did for the ego satisfaction of all engaged in education at the New Jersey college.

Once I knew a boy who planned to go to Princeton, and when I saw him shortly before he had matriculated he was among the most bashful youngsters I have ever met. He was embarrassed in the presence of any sex at all. Upon the slightest provocation he would perspire. He stuttered and he stammered, too, and there was an impression even among his friends and parents that maybe the boy was not quite bright. After he had passed his examinations to enter Princeton they felt a shade more hopeful but not very much. The first change was noted when he came home for the Christmas vacation shortly after watching the Tigers impose a humiliating defeat upon Harvard. What a change there was in him! Milton his name had been but it seems that at college everybody called him Butch. Milton's head used to be carried at a despondent angle but the chin of Butch was up. He talked incessantly and there was not the slightest trace of a stammer.

There was no doubt that Princeton had made a man of Butch, and it was not his course in long division, penmanship, or wood-carving which effected the change. The credit belonged to Roper. Butch talked of nothing but the victory over Harvard. In fact, I remember his mother saying to me a few hours before her son returned to college: "Have you noticed that Butch doesn't stutter any more?" It almost seemed to me as if I detected a plaintive note in her voice.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Russia from a Car Window
III. The Spirit of the Government

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Great Fear

"WHAT of the Government of the Soviets? Is it sincere? Has it abandoned its anti-foreign propaganda? What is its attitude toward the payment of its debts? Is it planning to conquer the world?" These are but a few of the many questions hurled at the visitor to Russia. They cannot easily be answered. I am prepared to say, however, that I believe that the Soviets genuinely desire to be a peaceful government; that they are planning their armaments for defense and not for offense, and that the strongest wish the government has is to be let alone. I am aware, of course, that the Commissar for War, Mr. Voroshiloff, has in various speeches declared that Russia will soon have to be fighting for its life against the capitalist nations, and has been talking the same militaristic buncombe voiced by every war minister and militarist the world over. Much of this sort of thing is done deliberately in Russia in order to keep the government before the people in its role of defender of their rights and of the ark of the Communist covenant. But there can be no doubt that there is genuine fear of another attack upon the Soviets by the capitalist nations. Can anyone blame them?

Put yourself in their place. Supposing certain foreign countries claiming superior virtue and greater social, economic, and political vision had planted armies on American soil, encouraged civil war, supplied arms and ammunition to one side, and killed and wounded many thousands of Americans. Would any American be blamed eight years later for believing that those same nations might repeat the same wicked acts, especially if they admitted no change of heart or regret? As this is written the dead bodies of the pathetic American soldiers who were killed in the Archangel district are being returned to the United States. They had no personal quarrel with the Soviets or their subjects; they were the pawns of Woodrow Wilson in his illegal and unconstitutional war on Russia. Most Americans have completely forgotten that we sent two armies into Russia, without a declaration of war, to fight and kill. The Russians have not. In a workers' club in Nizhni Novgorod, where some of us made a totally unexpected visit one evening, we found a teacher showing an illuminated map of Russia to a group of boys and girls. For our special benefit he turned on the lights which showed where the American troops invaded Archangel and Siberia. The Russians are surely sincere in saying that they wish no more such outrageous and murderous attacks.

This is not a defense of the Soviets' policy of keeping their people in a state of alarum. To me it seems as if they ought to muzzle their war minister. Such speeches are as hateful to me in Russia as when they come at home from talking generals of our own army, or from officials of the National Security League and the American Defense Society. Mr. Voroshiloff simply plays into the hands of the cynical and hypocritical statesmen at Geneva who, while pretending to wish to disarm, refused to discuss the Russian proposal for complete and genuine disarmament offered by Litvinov—the only decent proposal forthcoming from anybody. Such speeches as M. Voroshiloff's may achieve the desired results at home; they cost too dearly abroad.

Far wiser and finer was the attitude of the Soviet Government after the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Chinese last July. Their refusal to go to war was, of course, sneered at. They were pacific, the foreign press declared, because they could not afford to be anything else; their Communist system, their great work for industrialization, would collapse if they went to war. Undoubtedly there was much truth in this. Yet I am convinced that other motives also controlled. The Russian army, under a descendant of Field Marshal Blücher, could have taken Harbin easily and readily defeated any army the Chinese could have thrown against it; foreign experts declare that the Red Army is a good one. By such action the Russians could have added considerable stretches to the communized territory of the world, have achieved a great deal of prestige and possibly some indemnities, and thrown all Chinese out of a large part of the Chinese Eastern Railway. It had excuses enough according to pre-World War standards. Had its honor not been impugned? Had its citizens not been thrown into Chinese jails by the hundreds?

II. A Bolshevik Statesman

At the height of this crisis I was one of the American journalists who interviewed Commissar J. E. Rudzutak, the Soviet Minister of Transportation, one of the three foremost personalities in the government, who is also first vice-chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. This impressive man, who looks like an efficient German schoolmaster, answered freely and fully every question put to him. There would be no war with China. There could be no thought of that. Yes, the seizure of the railroad would cost the Soviet heavily—25,000,000 rubles a year. But to go to war for *that*? How many millions would it cost a day to fight a war with China? Not once did any of the familiar shibboleths come from his lips, no buncombe about national honor, no resort to Theodore Roosevelt's pet phrase that there are worse things than war, no assertion that the glory of the Russian people would be upheld in blood, not one word to inflame the populace or to arouse further the wrongdoers in China. Instead came a quiet, firm insistence that whatever other nations might have had in mind, when Russia signed its name to the Kellogg Pact it meant what it said. It would not go to war. All this without "side," without passion, without the manners of the self-conscious Western statesman bent on impressing his audience. Others in this group of American journalists besides myself wrote this down as a genuinely thrilling in-

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terview; we had seen and reported too many statesmen of the other kind not to be moved by the contrast. Incidentally, M. Henri Barbusse, the distinguished Frenchman, has just published a collection of seventy documents of the Russian Government issued between 1917 and 1929 bearing upon peace and disarmament. I think he is correct when he writes that "despite the innumerable international obstacles put in the way of the Soviet Union by its imperialist foes and opponents, it has never relinquished its aspirations toward peace, never lost an opportunity of demonstrating them, and never refused to take the initiative in advancing the affairs of peace."

We took up in this same interview with M. Rudzutak the question of Russia's relation to the United States and asked why he was not satisfied with the existing trade relations. Normality, he replied, is not to be established by accidental contacts. He explained that any large amount of business with the United States would require long-term credits which involve complicated legal questions. The operation would be a matter of years and this fact alone called in turn for diplomatic relations. Russia, he said, was ready to discuss the question of the payment to the United States of the many millions advanced to Kerensky's government by the United States, but when it came to the repayment of the Czarist debts his answer was emphatically no. His people, he said, did not feel that it was a proper debt since it was used in part for the support of the police, the gendarmes, and the troops which held the Russian people in subjection. He added that he spoke with some feeling in this matter because he himself had been sent to prison for ten years and he was sure that some of that money helped to keep him in jail. The war, he went on, started without consent of the peoples, cost 10,000,000 lives and untold suffering, and the money that made it possible should not be repaid. It was not a question of the amount, he stated, but of principle. When I asked him if in any settlement of the American claims the Soviets would submit bills for the damage done by the American troops in Russia, he replied "most assuredly"—which means that Uncle Sam will have to pay a very large bill, indeed.

As for the much-mooted subject of propaganda against the governments of foreign nations, he declared that no government with which the Soviets now have relations has been able to prove any hostile propaganda whatsoever. The Soviets, he went on, even limit their diplomatic representatives in their personal freedom in political matters, and had just recalled a minor official in the Turkish Embassy for his activity in connection with the Turkish Communist Party. He insisted that the Soviets would use, and are using, no influence to change any governments anywhere, but he added: "In this respect we can complain of some foreign governments which urge us to change our form of government." He suggested that there were organizations in America that were very much interested in propaganda to overthrow the present government of Russia.

He declared that his government was ready to send a mission to the United States to discuss all outstanding issues. It has repeatedly offered to do this, but there has been no satisfactory reply from the United States. M. Rudzutak then stated his belief that there was organized propaganda at work in other countries to prevent the United States and Russia from coming together. As for the Third International, he declared that the Soviets are no more responsible for it than the United States for the K.K.K., or Italy for the activities of the Catholic church.

III. The Compelling Motives

Obviously what the present controllers of the government are striving for is to make Russia self-contained and self-sufficient. To an outsider it would seem as if, from their point of view, it would be wiser and safer for them not to have close business relations with the greatest capitalist nations, that it would be better for them to lift themselves by their bootstraps, rather than to enter into those elaborate financial arrangements which so easily lead to quarrels, misunderstandings, and then diplomatic entanglements. The answer has already been given in the first of these articles: The Soviet leaders have a slender margin of time. Hence their ardent desire to bury the hatchet even at the risk of another such sudden and damaging rupture of relations as took place with England. Hence their willingness to enter into close diplomatic relations with the United States and England, the two nations most suspicious of them and hostile to them.

These motives will, I believe, induce the Soviets to desist from foreign propaganda if once they get relations established with the United States. They have left far behind them the days when they believed a world revolution at hand. They ought to have learned from their experience in England and Germany the utter folly of the attempt to propagandize abroad. They did do a lot of damage in Germany for a time. Then they had to stop their activities. In England they admittedly spent millions some years ago, but when the ballots were counted in the election of May, 1929, out of a total of about twenty-two millions less than 50,000 were cast for Communists—I have seen the figure put as low as 39,000. Obviously, the Soviets wasted every ruble they spent in Great Britain. Stalin, Rudzutak, and their associate directors of the Russian state ought to be wise enough now to see that the only sound propaganda is to make a complete success of their government and of their economic system, and to prove that it is a better way of life for mankind. If they do that there will certainly be no need whatsoever to agitate abroad, especially if by that time they should be willing to share their power with larger groups, abandon their bloody repression, and move in the direction of complete freedom.

Meanwhile Russia arms. There is no doubt that it is carrying its military training of youth into the schools and the clubs where children congregate. The Russians are doing precisely what the American General Staff would like to do, inculcating nationalistic and militaristic ideas in every child no matter what the age. Our supporters of universal service would also like to pump into every child under our flag the doctrine that the proudest distinction open to it is service in the army, and that the severest sentence which can be passed upon a criminal is to deprive him of his right to serve with the colors. If we gave our militarists free rein there would be no difference whatsoever in their policies and the extent of their propaganda and those of the Bolsheviks. Both desire to adopt precisely the pre-World War tactics and philosophy of the Germans. Arguing with some teachers in Nizhni Novgorod about their instructing boys and girls in the use of the rifle, we encountered a

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passionate defense of it on the familiar ground that all the capitalist nations were certain to attack Russia. When I pointed out that their language was identical with that of the militarists in all capitalist nations, our new-found Russian friends appeared as hurt as they were puzzled. "But we are *right*," they replied; "we are never going to attack. We are going to be the ones attacked." No amount of arguing could make them see that a persistence in this attitude of theirs is bound to lead to repercussions abroad and to deliver other peoples more and more into the arms of their militarists; that such a policy is certain to produce a conflict.

IV. The People Not Militaristic

Other Americans who were in Russia when our delegation was there reported that they ran across many who declared that the Soviets would not fight China, but said: "Wait until 1932 and then let the Chinese attack us." I encountered nothing of this. I cannot feel that the people are anything like as badly humbugged by their militarists as were the Germans in January, 1914. The Russians are still too near the horrible mass-murders of the World War and of their civil war. Nor do I see anything sinister in the fact that in their industrialization program the greatest attention is being given to their heavy industries. This would have to be the case if the country were absolutely pacific and without a single soldier. For what the Russians need most today is steel and iron for new buildings and innumerable rails, railroad cars, automobiles, trucks, tractors, plows, harvesters, and all the implements of modern agriculture and transportation. While we were not taken to any of the factories in which guns and munitions are made, we found that the impression is widespread that although hundreds of thousands of men and women are being given some military training, there are no very large stores of military equipment on hand and that much of the artillery is antiquated. We heard very little of the development of the chemical industry; yet this, in the eyes of many, perhaps most, soldiers, is the vital arm in the war of the future. That industry may, of course, be important in Russia and quite concealed. It would seem as if the Soviet leaders must recognize that all the attention they devote to purely military affairs retards by so much the fulfilment of their five-year program and thereby threatens their success in their race against time.

What a wonderful lesson for the world it would be if these leaders were but willing to lay aside their arms, confident that the workers of the world would never permit their governments to attack the Soviets if they remained unarmed and obviously friendly to all and without military ambitions! Unfortunately, even idealists like these, when in office, turn to the familiar technique of repression at home and to the sword for defense abroad. The pacifist Wilson of 1914 became in two short years the militarist Wilson demanding, as at St. Louis, "incomparably the greatest navy in the world." The liberal democrat Wilson became in three years the complete autocrat, imprisoning as many as possible of those who, like Debs, dared to oppose his course, and determined to brush aside all who dissented from his demand for "force without stint." The spirit of the Bolsheviks who dominate Russia is much the same.

It is, of course, a bitter disappointment that Communists whose desire it is to exalt the masses and to free them from the tyrannies and unfairnesses of capitalist society should adopt the same methods as those whom they reprobate. But surely there is no need for those of us who are onlookers to be pharisaical and hypocritical about it. It is no worse for a Stalin to do these things and teach reliance upon gas bombs, airplanes, and heavy artillery than for a Mussolini, or a Churchill, or a Coolidge, or a de Rivera. They are all parts of a mad world and preachers of a mad philosophy which during four insane years brought humanity to the very edge of the abyss.

V. Cultural Freedom at Home

It is pleasanter to turn from Russia's attitude toward foreign countries to certain phases of its domestic policies. It has, for example, granted full cultural freedom to the Ukraine, to Georgia, to the Tartar Republic, to the German Volga Republic, and to other separate government units, and has just now set up a new republic quite near the Afghan border, in response to popular demand. However much one may regret the increase in the number of languages when the whole world ought to be moving toward a single medium of communication, the Soviets have shown great wisdom in reversing the policy of the Czars and granting linguistic freedom to all groups which desire it. For example, the Czars long sought to suppress the Ukrainian language—until 1905 there was no Ukrainian press; the Soviets have made it the first language in the Ukraine just as they have permitted the Germans of the Volga Republic to speak their mother tongue while the Tartars and all the rest of the varying groups rejoice in similar freedom. In the schools of all these linguistically different republics Russian must also be taught—every Russian child must learn two languages; indeed, the pure Russians are now to learn English in their schools, German having just been ousted from the second position—an extremely important decision.

The effect of this policy in the Ukraine has been extraordinary—for one thing an amazingly rapid creation of a Ukrainian daily press and literature. At Kharkov we of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation were shown a large collection of standard works of all the world—even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and an anthology of recent American poetry—all brought out since the conferring of linguistic autonomy. In the first nine months of the fiscal year 1928-1929 there were printed 12,200,000 copies of books in Ukrainian, and 7,200,000 periodicals and pamphlets were sold or distributed, for the sum of 15,000,000 rubles—this in a country which is still 20 per cent illiterate but hopes to wipe out all illiteracy by 1932. There are today 232 Ukrainian dailies and the several racial minorities within the Ukraine, such as Germans, Poles, Moldavians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, have their own press.

To turn to Georgia, where the Soviet regime was established with great harshness and the driving or blotting out of a whole section of the population, the present head of the Soviets in Tiflis listed for us the following benefits which Bolshevik rule has conferred upon the Republic:

1. It has abolished feudal land ownership and established peasant ownership.
2. Peasants and workers have been relieved from all payments to feudal landlords, pay no rents, and but small taxes.
3. Church and state have been separated.
4. Universal education has been affirmed in principle.

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5. An oppressed colony of the Czar has become a free state.

6. In place of autocratic Russians appointed by the Czar, native Georgians conduct the government.

7. All local government officials are elected by the people instead of being chosen in Moscow.

8. Free development of native Georgian culture, art, and language has taken the place of compulsory Russification.

9. Friendly interracial cooperation has been encouraged between Armenians, Georgians, and Azerbaijans instead of their being played off one against the other.

"Georgia," he said, "is far better off under the Soviets." There can be little doubt that this is true.

If this generous treatment of national minorities now in control of Soviet states is the height of wisdom, it is again in marked contrast with the attitude of Moscow toward those beyond the Russian borders whose philosophies are so different from their own. Somehow or other I believe that if Lenin had lived the spirit of the government would be different. It would not fear so much, or inculcate fear of other nations so widely for its own ends. The Soviets should at least realize that fear responds to fear, hate to hate, and hostility to hostility. Naturally, the Soviet leaders say that as soon as they are secure and communism safely established they will cease to take life to safeguard them against the failure of their sacred experiment and will bestow greater freedom upon their people. One wonders. Dr. Arthur Feiler, a distinguished editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* recently asked a high Russian official how soon he thought the time would come when he and his associates would turn back authority to the people. The frank reply was: "Never." One need not take this too seriously, but it is true that this is the inevitable tendency of men in autocratic control of nations.

VI. Recognition by the United States

As for our own relations with Russia, I am more than ever convinced that we should recognize the Soviets at once and resume diplomatic relations with them, and I should attach no terms beyond an agreement for a conference to settle the question of war debts and the bill to be presented by Russia for our inexcusable military attacks upon the Russian people. In Moscow, among the men I met privately without any official Russian's knowledge, was one who had many reasons to be bitter against the Soviets. He had a long list of friends who had been exiled or imprisoned; he may himself be in Siberia by now. But he begged me to continue to urge the recognition of Russia by the United States. "Nothing," he said, "could do more to help us than that. The sooner international relations are normal, the sooner will the force of the world's public opinion be felt here, the sooner will the Soviets reach the point where they will desist from repression and give up the punishment of those who differ from them." The man who said this had lived years in America; for all the wrongs he sees about him, he is convinced that the Communist experiment is priceless and that it should not be allowed to go down because of the blunders of the leaders. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the great American engineer I have already cited, declared to us: "If it were in my power I'd give those fellows (the Soviet leaders) every opportunity to try out communism to the n^{th} degree. I'd do anything to help keep them in power until they work out the changes now necessary in Russian life." This is wisdom and common sense.

Pity the Poor Tariff

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 9

THE heartburning and chagrin which resulted from Hiram Johnson's failure to receive his invitation to a White House dinner to which all other available members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were carefully asked, has doubtless impressed the Great Engineer with the truth that efficiency should begin at home. No President celebrated for the perfect functioning of his personal staff was ever placed in a more embarrassing position. It is difficult to say which was the more awkward—the "accident" itself, or the subsequent efforts to explain how it occurred. In his letter of apology Mr. Hoover did not go into detail, beyond explaining that he learned of the omission on the night of the dinner. This was strange, because the absence of Johnson's name from the guest list was detected at four in the afternoon by White House reporters who promptly sought an explanation from a responsible member of the President's staff. From that official's reply they gained a distinct impression that it had been omitted deliberately. Not until after the ubiquitous Dave Reed had made a hasty call on the President the following morning was this impression corrected. Then it was explained that the discovery that the list contained too many names had resulted in an order to "strike off Johnson"—meaning Nelson Johnson of the State Department—and that Hiram's name had been deleted by mistake. But this only added to the mystery, since it developed that Nelson Johnson wasn't there either. It was an unfortunate coincidence that made Johnson the victim of the "accident." The well-known fact that no love is lost between him and Mr. Hoover gave color to the initial impression that he had been deliberately slighted, and even among the Old Guard the reaction was unpleasant. Responsibility for the "accident" has not been established, but the White House seems badly in need of a little more Hoover efficiency—or a little less.

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THE admiring hosannas which originally welcomed Uncle Joe Grundy's exhibition of brutal frankness before the Lobby Investigating Committee have sunk to low moans of pain as the sad truth dawns that Uncle Joe wasn't so very clever when he bluntly admonished the "backward States" of the West and South to step aside while Pennsylvania and Connecticut wrote the tariff bill. A few days

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later seven Senators from these "backward States," who had theretofore been impeccably regular, joined the Progressive-Democratic coalition in butchering Pennsylvania's beloved duty on pig iron. Instead of increasing it to the $1.50 a ton recommended by the Finance Committee, or even leaving it at the $1.12½ where it was placed by Calvin, it reduced the rate to seventy-five cents. The following day a duty of a cent a pound was placed on manganese, of which the Bethlehem and United States Steel corporations import a huge volume, and which they had earnestly sought to have placed on the free list. The rout of the Old Guard reached a ludicrous climax in this instance when Chairman Smoot joined the uprising and voted against his own bill. Grundy's bold broadcasting of opinions deliberately calculated to affront the West and South may not have influenced the final results, but it was obvious that he had made a bad matter very much worse. The dazzled reporters who described his "triumph" before the committee apparently did not realize that he had played plump into the opposition's hands. What he said about his attitude and the attitude of the interests he represents is precisely what the Western insurgents have been charging for years. Even Brookhart's accusations seemed tame in the light of Grundy's confession of organized self-interest among Eastern industrialists. Let the "practical" gentlemen in control of the Republican organization try to beat Norris in Nebraska now, or Borah, or any other Western insurgent who has fought the organization on the ground that its policies are dominated by Eastern manufacturers and bankers! By his display of cleverness and superiority Grundy destroyed the last hope of obtaining the tariff schedules for which he has sweated throughout the hot Washington summer. Thus the tradition of sagacity which surrounds the American Big Business Man receives another hard blow.

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AS a matter of fact, that famous old legend is in a pretty bad way. No sooner had Uncle Joe taken his bland presence away than J. A. Arnold came on to continue the work of destruction. For years Arnold has made a business—or is it a profession?—of chiseling money out of American Captains of Industry. His "sucker list," as Blaine of Wisconsin so aptly called it, contains the names of dozens of the most opulent and powerful corporations in the country, and hundreds of its most illustrious leaders of business and finance. Arnold takes them impartially for what he can get, in sums ranging from ten to fifteen hundred dollars a year. His game is not new, but he has given it new refinements and perfected the technique to a degree that is unusual even among go-getters. Arnold works both sides of the Mason and Dixon line, appealing to the North through the American Taxpayers Association, and to the South through the Southern Tariff Association. The harvest during the year ending September 1 was more than $200,000, of which Arnold and his subordinate collectors got approximately 55 per cent for salary and "organization work." Arnold is general manager of both organizations, and in the light of the foregoing figures it seems idle to dilate on their main reason for being. The formal aim of the Taxpayers Association, as stated by Arnold on the witness stand, is to obtain the repeal of the federal inheritance tax and the corporation tax, and the stated object of the Tariff Association is to create sentiment for protection in the South. Arnold does all the "experting" for both bodies. It seems to consist chiefly in trying to build fires behind Senators who are not responsive to the desires of Arnold's subscribers. None appear to have been seriously scorched, although Fletcher of Florida was stung into writing a letter in which he pointed out that if he swallowed the tariff bill just as it came from the Finance Committee he would have nothing left to trade on. A very sensible point, too. But the "educational measure" comprised the least impressive aspect of Arnold's work. It was on the collecting side that his talent really shone. He coolly made sight drafts for $10 each on 1,700 Texas banks—and sixty were actually honored! He got $1,500 from the Insull interests for "carrying on the work." W. L. Mellon, nephew and protege of the omniscient Andrew, has been giving $1,000 a year for quite a while. Armour & Company, the Van Sweringens, and the Westinghouse Airbrake Company each contributed $1,000, and Bill Wrigley, like the hot sport that he is, poured in another thousand. And so on down the list of suckers, large and small, to the most delicious item of all—a contribution of $10 from Joseph R. Grundy!

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em—
And so proceed ad infinitum!

* * * * *

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S preposterous admonition to the Senate to pass the tariff bill within two weeks, and his explicit refusal to express any opinion on rates is sufficient indication that he is ready to quit a sinking ship. If there is a new tariff it will be a Borah-Norris-Simmons tariff, not the Hawley-Smoot measure. If the coalition needed any more ammunition against the latter it was amply provided in a printed 500-page volume containing the income-tax returns of 140 corporations, prepared by the Treasury at the Senate's request. It is not permissible to publish the details until they are divulged on the Senate floor—as many of them soon will be—but a hint will be interesting. The data will disclose that among the industries actively seeking higher tariffs on the ground that they need additional protection against foreign competition are the following:

A chemical manufacturing concern whose taxable profit of $90,000 in 1922 increased to more than $1,600,000 in 1928.

A Connecticut manufacturing concern whose 1922 profit was $150,000, and whose 1928 profit was more than $1,000,000.

A nationally known manufacturing company whose profit in 1922 was $12,000,000, and in 1928 was more than $63,000,000.

A manufacturing company which lost money in 1922, and made a profit of more than $3,500,000 in 1928.

Another manufacturing concern which reported a net loss of $100,000 in 1922, and a net profit of nearly $20,000,000 in 1928.

These figures, and dozens of others equally significant and astounding, make it apparent that somebody is in dire need of protection, and the public which pays these profits should have no difficulty in determining who it is.

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Parity Up or Down?

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

THE joint statement issued by President Hoover and Premier MacDonald at the conclusion of their conversations undoubtedly marks a long and gratifying step toward ultimate naval disarmament and enduring peace. We are informed that the coming conference, if successful, will result in a parity agreement between us and a "large decrease in the naval equipment of the world" ending "the waste of public money involved."

This undoubtedly sounded highly satisfying to both American and British taxpayers. But when it is translated into cold facts, so far as they now are known, it will be found that this parity which is to end all competitive building between us is to be an expensive boon. Furthermore, the reason why this so-called limitation agreement is to cost us between $170,000,000 and $225,000,000, plus a new heavy up-keep expense, casts interesting light on what appears to have been a strange blind spot in the eyes of both statesmen.

All advance discussion of the naval accord, it will be remembered, centered around the question whether, to attain the desired equality in the cruiser category, we should add eighteen or twenty-one of these expensive weapons to our present commissioned and nearly completed cruiser force.

To those citizens who were following negotiations at that less-advertised stage this must have been rather a shock. Since America, in a magnificent gesture of peace in 1921, scrapped twenty-eight battleships and battle cruisers, the American people seem to have had the impression that any new parity agreement would mean further scrapping and further cutting of armament costs. When President Hoover stated, just before the present negotiations began, that we must make further efforts to cut both army and navy expenses, he fortified that impression. All the talk that has surrounded the recent conversations, too, has found the word "limitation" prominently displayed, and to the average citizen limitation means reduction.

Now, with the conversations ended, the most optimistic forecast as to where cruiser parity will be reached is predicated on an American cruiser force of 285,000 tons. Inasmuch as America will enter this conference with only 70,500 tons of cruisers in commission and 80,000 tons more nearing completion, even this optimistic forecast presages the building by this country of at least fourteen more big cruisers in addition to the completion and commissioning of the eight 10,000-tonners now well under way. Even for Britain the parity-agreement forecast will mean the construction or completion of several large vessels of the same type; for Britain, it is announced, plans as part of the agreement to scrap 40,000 tons of her older vessels in this class.

If the good faith of both nations is conceded—and that good faith appeared most gratifyingly evident while Mr. MacDonald was here—why should both countries be able to reach equality only by saddling already overburdened taxpayers with the cost of all this new construction? The British people can stand it even less easily than we can.

It is true that if parity is reached at 285,000 tons as our cruiser total, this will mean abandonment of the construction of about 15,000 tons—one or two ships—of the fifteen 10,000-tonners authorized by Congress last spring. But why must we still build even 135,000 tons more than we have now?

Fortunately, the answer appears to be available, as far as this country is concerned—and there is no reason to doubt that it fits Britain just as well. This answer was put forward plainly and specifically by both Admiral Charles F. Hughes, chief of naval operations, and by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur when the seventy-one-ship bill was before Congress two years ago. The Navy Department, within the past few weeks, has issued a new statement by Admiral Hughes repeating almost verbatim what he explained then.

Cruisers have three uses, Admiral Hughes pointed out. The first, he said, is purely pacific—the "cultivation of friendly relations" and the "showing of our flag wherever our interests require it." The second is the protection of our commerce, trade routes, "focal points," and shores from raiders, either when we are at war or are maintaining neutrality in a war between other lands. But the Admiral told the House Committee on Naval Affairs also that all these purposes required only seventeen cruisers—one less than we then had in commission or under construction.

The final and most important use for the cruiser is purely militant. It is a screen and support for the grand fleet, whether in a fleet movement or in actual battle on the high seas. Both naval spokesmen made this clear.

"We are building our navy," said Secretary Wilbur, "starting with eighteen battleships, with the appropriate proportion of destroyers, and then with cruisers properly apportioned to battleships and destroyers, and with submarines bearing relation to the other three. . . ."

And these battleships—were they needed to protect our shores, commerce, and focal points as cruisers can protect them? No, battleships are needed only to fight other battleships or to offer such a strong threat of a hot fight that other battleships won't challenge them. Furthermore, battleships in modern war fight only as the backbone of the grand fleet—say, our fleet versus the British fleet—and only on the high seas.

No commander, said Admiral Hughes, would take his battle fleet as close to an enemy's coast as a hundred miles, because the enemy's land planes would come out and demolish it. Admiral Sims, retired, has gone even further; he says the only place to take our battleships in another war would be up the Mississippi, where they would be safe. But Admiral Hughes stuck to the high seas.

> The cruiser is the type of ship [he explained] which can most effectively screen the main body during a fleet movement and obtain information of the enemy's movements. On the high seas secrecy can be maintained only by denying sight of the fleet to enemy forces. Sight of the fleet may be denied to enemy ships only with ships of sufficient speed and offensive power to drive off or destroy

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> enemy observing vessels. . . . Other facts being equal, the fleet most effectively supported by light forces will win the day. A superiority of cruisers will almost certainly decide this result.

That was why the Admiral wanted additional cruisers—he asked for twenty-five then—and why the navy wants them today.

"Added to our present naval force," said the Admiral, of the new building program, "it will give pause to any nation at war whose special interests might otherwise make a violation of our neutrality profitable by restricting our trade unlawfully either with belligerents or with neutrals."

But that was in January, 1928, a year or more before the ratification of the anti-war treaty. Today this country and Great Britain approach this same cruiser question as joint signatories of a solemn pact "outlawing war as an instrument of national policy," and mutually agreeing that "the settlement of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means." And if "pacific" signifies anything it certainly prohibits the threat of war as well as war itself. Why, then, battleships, which are useful only for threatening or fighting pitched battles between grand fleets on the high seas far from either country's coasts? And why more cruisers solely to protect battleships which can only be used for warlike purposes?

To the non-seagoing taxpayer it would appear much more practical, as well as economical, to resume this parity and limitation program where it began in 1921—with the costly and apparently outlawed battleship. The ground appears much better prepared for a further scrapping today. There are only sixty-two battleships in the world, all in possession of the five naval Powers. Who can say that any Power would be less safe if all these battleships were sunk?

For this country alone their elimination would reduce the naval budget by $33,000,000 a year for the pay, maintenance, and transportation of crews alone, to which must be added the cost of fuel, practice ammunition, and general up-keep expenses. But even more important, their elimination, in company with other nations, would remove, by the navy's own statements, the need for the fifteen new cruisers authorized by the last Congress.

As navies are constituted today, the battleships are the backbone of the grand fleet. But why seek parity by building more cruisers to protect a backbone that is already broken?

Communist "Criminals" in California

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, October 25

SOUTHERN California has acquired another lot of political prisoners. What a sense of security and relief must have been in the homes of the "orange belt" when they opened their beloved *Times* and read that five Russian Jewish working women have been sentenced to San Quentin, one for a period of from one to ten years, and the other four, from six months to five years, for the felony of conducting a summer camp for working children with the flag of Soviet Russia flying over it!

I witnessed the scene in the courtroom, full of court officers and district attorneys and detectives and "red squad" and Better America Federation agents and reporters of Los Angeles newspapers, and it pleased me so that I wish to spread its fame to the farthest corners of the civilized world. Friends and comrades in New York and London and Paris and Berlin and Stockholm and Amsterdam and Moscow and Tokyo and Sydney and Johannesburg who will read these words, join with me in acclaiming the courage and loyalty to duty of our "heaven-born band" of patriots who saved the orange country from the peril of five Russian Jewish working girls and a little piece of red silk, home-cut and home-sewed by the fingers of working-class children! Many glorious events are set forth in our patriotic annals—Concord, with its shot heard round the world, and Bunker Hill, where we trusted in God but kept our powder dry—but nothing, I am sure, can claim a higher place in history's roll than the raid upon the Yucaipa Camp by the Better America Federation of Southern California.

It seems that some working people of the east side of Los Angeles, Communists or sympathizers, wanted a place to send their children for a glimpse of the country in summer time, at a cost not too far beyond their means. They rented a shack at Yucaipa in the mountains of San Bernardino County, sixty-five miles from Los Angeles, and a group of half a dozen women, with one man to chop wood and do the heavy work, took care of two score children at a price of six dollars a week each. The teacher of the camp was Yetta Stromberg, nineteen years of age, recently a student of the University of California. The name "Comrade Yetta" comes with a familiar sound, because Arthur Bullard wrote a novel by that title some twenty years ago; now here is his heroine—except that times have changed and she calls herself Communist instead of Socialist.

She is, I should estimate, something less than five feet in height, and if she weighs a hundred pounds I am a bad guesser. She has quaint little old-fashioned features of delicate loveliness which would charm a painter of miniatures; and she has a faith which has caused some to hail her as the "Joan of Arc of Los Angeles." Now she will no longer study social problems in the University of California, but in a more realistic school, the women's department of San Quentin Prison, along with hammer murderesses and bootleg queens and dope fiends. She received a double sentence because of the very special and aggravating series of crimes which were proved against her in the Superior Court of San Bernardino County.

Yetta, it seems, taught the children history. She taught them that there had been various stages in the development of human society—tribalism, barbarism, feudalism, capitalism. She had got almost through with the first two, so she testified, and intended to go to the others, and wind up with

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her conception of communism, which she hopes will be the next stage of human evolution. As a preliminary, to prepare the children's minds, she got some red cloth and they made a flag, and with water colors painted on it a hammer and a sickle. The red symbolized human brotherhood, because of the fact that all human blood is red—excluding, of course, that of patriots and supporters of the Better America Federation, which is blue. The hammer stood for the workers and the sickle for the peasants of Russia—it being the idea that farmers and workers should unite to have a government for their own benefit, instead of for the benefit of landlords, capitalists, and bankers, as in America. Every morning the children raised the flag and made a pledge—which was read over and over in court, and constituted the special aggravation which brought the double conviction by the brave jury, and the double sentence by the conscientious judge. The pledge read as follows:

I pledge allegiance to the worker's red flag
And to the cause for which it stands:
One aim throughout our lives,
Freedom for the working class.

So long as Yetta and her children were let alone, the above words were heard only by some fifty persons. But news of her doings leaked out to the noble bands of American Legion men who guard the cause of patriotism in San Bernardino. From them it spread to the Better America Federation in Los Angeles, with the result that the camp was raided, and the evil words were repeated before a crowded courtroom day after day, and were published in all our Southern California newspapers. They are now reproduced in this narrative, and will be read in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Moscow, Tokyo, Sydney, and Johannesburg. A campaign in defense of Comrade Yetta will go on in all these cities, and the formula which she taught to a handful of children will be recited and discussed by countless millions of workers. Here is a singularly beautiful illustration of what happens when we set out to suppress ideas by means of policemen's clubs and jails! The demonstration should be of the greatest help to the Better America Federation in its next campaign to raise funds among our bankers and business men.

To get on with the story; a gallant band of strapping six-footers, county sheriff's men, American Legion heroes, and red-hunters of the "Intelligence Bureau" of the Los Angeles police department, swooped down upon that little camp and carried half a dozen children off to a detention home. The six women and the man who chopped the wood were shut up in the San Bernardino jail. When Mr. Leo Gallagher, an attorney of Los Angeles, member of the executive committee of our Civil Liberties Union, went out to arrange for their bail, a deputy sheriff seized him by the throat and choked him. (I took occasion to report this assault to the so-called "Constitutional Rights Committee" of the Los Angeles Bar Association, which referred the matter to the similar committee in San Bernardino County, which in turn did nothing.)

In due course the prisoners were brought to trial before Judge Charles L. Allison. John Beardsley, another attorney of Los Angeles—not a radical, but a member of our Civil Liberties group—defended the prisoners, and after a trial lasting nine days, "Comrade Yetta" was convicted on two counts, and four women and one man upon one count, "conspiracy to display a red flag or other emblem of opposition to organized government." The women are Emma Schneiderman, Jennie Wolfson, Esther Karpeloff, and Bella Mintz. It is interesting to note that there was one man from Holland on the jury, C. F. De Meyere, and he held it up for twenty-three hours and forced the acquittal of Mrs. Schneiderman's mother, who had arrived at the camp just a few hours before the raid. The mother then applied to be allowed to take her daughter's place in jail.

As a sample of the fairness of the trial it should suffice to record that the sole man at the camp was a veteran of the World War, severely injured by gas in the trenches and partly incapacitated as a result; and that the jury of patriots of the orange country were denied an opportunity to know that this man was a war veteran. Isidor Berkowitz would now be on his road to San Quentin, save that he found a way to deliver himself from the clutches of patriotism. On the night before he was scheduled to be sentenced to San Quentin, he took a rope and hanged himself.

Picture the band of five female felons, assembled in court to hear their fates: all of them frail, and only one of them what we should call a woman of normal stature. They face the stern judge and he questions each in turn. All but one were born in Russia, only two have had a school education, two or three are mothers of children who were in the camp, and the others are self-supporting. None of them uses dope, they state in answer to questions, and none has ever been previously convicted of a felony. The two who are members of the Communist Party, of course, refuse to apply for probation; the other three do apply, and the judge turns down the application on the ground that they are not persons who would be reformed by receiving a new chance. Then he sentences them, and I observe the signs of satisfaction among the four representatives of the Los Angeles "red squad" who have supervised the entire procedure. I do not observe the representative of the Better America Federation in court. Mr. Wainess is his name, and at the trial all those who gave evidence for the State were ignorant of his presence at the raid; it wasn't until the attorney for the defense put the district attorney on the stand that it was definitely established that Mr. Wainess took part in the raid.

Another court proceeding followed immediately. We have in Southern California a lady by the name of Kate Crane-Gartz, who is what the Better America Federation calls a "parlor red." She is one of the children of the late Richard T. Crane, the iron master, and is wealthy according to the highest American standards; but she does not consider that she has earned her wealth, and therefore devotes a large share of it to efforts to establish social conditions under which she and others of her class will not receive what they do not earn. Mrs. Gartz is not a Communist but, like myself, a member of the Socialist Party, compelled to advertise the Communists by the stupid persecutions to which they are subjected.

It is the custom of Mrs. Gartz to write what she calls "letters of protest" to those in high places; four bound volumes of these letters are read by radicals in all parts of the world. Reading in the paper that the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty, Mrs. Gartz, under the inpression that the case was settled, wrote to Judge Allison. Here is the letter:

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Dear Sir:

It was a great surprise to believers in justice that the Young Communists were found guilty in your court. For some unknown reason many people, presumably intelligent, are afraid of ideas. In this case the idea is that the Red Flag means danger, but danger to what? There is danger only to the conservative idea that the world in which we live is perfect as it is. The people who take the Red Flag as their emblem feel that there is plenty of room for improvement, and I for one do not blame them, because I realize the many shortcomings of the present order of society all over the world. Man's inhumanity to man is the biggest factor in this man-made world, which the youth of the world is rising against in every country. They ought to be encouraged instead of clapped into jail. Couldn't you tell, as you listened to "Yetta," that she was a young woman of high principles and ideals, and not a criminal fit only for crucifixion? Yes, we must listen to these young crusaders, and learn that there is a big work to be done in this world before we can rest on our oars and say, it is finished.

We would like to have more respect for our courts—would like to feel that they are unprejudiced, especially against the foreigner, who has long been invited to this country, with the hope of finding an earthly paradise. When he does not, and tries to better his condition, and that of all workers, he is considered a menace, and told to go back where he came from. Our only answer to unjust treatment is always a guilty one, because we do not know how to cope with the evils of our present social system. So, I say, go easy with these young enthusiasts.

Mrs. Gartz was promptly cited for contempt of court, and a crowded courtroom watched a somewhat unusual scene. Judge Allison inquired as to her purpose in writing the letter, and Mrs. Gartz explained with quiet dignity that she does not believe in sending people to an evil place like San Quentin for any cause, and least of all for the holding of unpopular opinions. She does not believe that these young people committed a felony, and considers that any citizen has a right to protest against cruel sentences being imposed for crimes of opinion. Judge Allison sternly informed her that at the time he received the letter the case was still before him, and if anyone could write "a private letter" to a judge advising him what to do about a case there could no longer be respect for our courts.

The remark about "a private letter" seemed something of a joke, since, at the time the letter was mailed to the judge, a copy had been sent to the *Open Forum,* the little paper of our Civil Liberties Union, which reaches a couple of thousand people in Southern California. The letter was published in the *Open Forum* October 19, four days before Judge Allison was due to sentence the prisoners. But perhaps it was just as well that Mrs. Gartz and her attorney did not mention this publication to the judge He fined her seventy-five dollars. She wished to appeal, but was informed that under California law the only basis of appeal could be that the judge had no jurisdiction—which he obviously had in this case.

I am interested to note this morning's newspapers dealing with the procedure according to their usual custom. The *Times* reports Mrs. Gartz as "modishly attired and wearing many diamonds." She wore a ring with one diamond, which she always wears. The *Examiner* reports that "she did not speak with the Los Angeles Communists while in court and took no part in the demonstration that included much embracing and kissing after the court pronounced judgment."

As a matter of fact she paid the cost of their bail-bonds, and invited them and their friends to a dinner party at the very swankiest hotel in the orange belt. When our party of nineteen reached the place we found the open-air dining-room in the very fancy patio half filled by a banquet of the County Committee of the Republican Party, the wealth and fashion of the region, the very same patriotic kind that was sending the Communists to jail. The gentlemen were rosy and well-groomed, and the ladies, in their chiffon and satin tails, displayed the latest fashions from Paris.

A sumptuous affair and an edifying experience for five working-class felons out on bail. They had been eating beans and potatoes at their two meals per day in the county jail; now they ate toasted marrow, and hors d'œuvres, and ripe olives and celery, and consomme en tasse, and filet of sole a la I forget what, and lemon sherbet, and roast young turkey with dressing, and October spring lamb and ice cream, and demi tasse and cheese and crackers—we began to weaken, and few of us got to the end of the menu. The liberal ladies of our party lit their cigarettes, and so did many of the Republican committee ladies, but I was interested to note that all five of the convicted felons declined to smoke. I noticed also that a chorus off stage serenaded us during the repast and the first song was

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—

I forgot to add that I was introduced to Judge Allison. He was cordial, and kind enough to say that he was pleased. I replied: "Now that the matter is over, I suppose it is all right for me to point out to you that California has again acquired some political prisoners, which is very bad for its reputation with the rest of the world." The Judge replied that he had not been able to help what had happened; it was the legislature which enacted the law, and the jury which decided the question of guilt. This you will recognize as what Pontius Pilate said in the case of another political prisoner.

I said to the Judge: "I suppose that you and I, as citizens, now have a right to urge the repeal of this red-flag law." He replied: "We certainly have." I said: "I shall take pleasure in coming to you before long with a petition to the legislature for its repeal." He did not say that he would sign it, but he did convey to me the fact that he was a Democrat in politics. I was too polite to tell him that the bones of Thomas Jefferson would rise up in their grave to denounce a "Democratic" judge who enforced alien and sedition laws of the kind which Jefferson had made the chief object of his antagonism. I here remind Judge Allison of Jefferson's saying to the effect that mankind has nothing to fear from error, provided that reason is left free to combat it. Also of his sterner saying which reads:

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

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Reaching for the Sky

By DAVID G. BAREUTHER

AFTER having reigned supreme for seventeen years over all other spires in the famous Manhattan skyline, the Woolworth Tower has now lost its proud title as the tallest building in the world. Not only has it been surpassed in height, but recently within one week the steel skeletons of two giant skyscrapers climbed above its peak. Such is the speed at which builders are racing for the clouds in America today.

Both of these new buildings happen to be located in New York City. One is the sixty-eight-story Chrysler Building, whose topmost beam at 808 feet made it the tallest skyscraper—for one month. The other is the seventy-one-story Bank of Manhattan, which just passed the 865-foot mark on its way to a goal of 925 feet and 4 inches. The Woolworth Building measures 792 feet.

However, New York is no longer the only city with an ambitious skyline. Show the average New Yorker a picture of Chicago's lake-front profile and he will pucker his brow and ask: "Where was that taken from?"—thinking, of course, that it is a new view of Manhattan Island. Then there is Cleveland's fifty-two-story Terminal Tower, second in actual height to the Woolworth Building. Minneapolis boasts of a thirty-two-story structure.

A skyscraper-building contest loomed on the Middle Western horizon early this year. Chicago, with plans for a seventy-five-story Crane Tower, challenged New York's supremacy for building height. The Chicago Crane Tower was designed to rise 880 feet.

It was former Governor Alfred E. Smith who drew attention back to his home town. With a surprising gesture, he became the head of a syndicate to take over the destruction of the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Carefully reading from a prepared statement, he informed newspapermen that he would build an eighty-story office building in that in-between neighborhood over which real-estate men had been puzzled. Al Smith promised that his Empire State Building would be the highest in the world—approaching 1,000 feet, the record set by the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

And Governor Smith found an enthusiastic public to hear his words. With skyscrapers towering above every large city in the country and with stocks and bonds of various values offering every man opportunities to share benefits and risks in great projects, popular interest in skyscrapers was found to be running deeper than mere awe inspired by cloud-wreathed pinnacles.

It behooved Al to act quickly. The sixty-eight-story Chrysler Tower, rising from what was a deep hole in the Grand Central Zone at Christmas, was rapidly nearing completion. There was the Bank of Manhattan Building in Wall Street, started long after the Chrysler Building, but steadily gaining on it.

No sooner had Mr. Smith spoken than the skyscraper race centered in New York again and became exciting. The National City Bank announced that it would erect for the not yet merged City Bank-Farmers Trust Company a seventy-one-story building which would attain an altitude of 925 feet. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was quick to follow into print, admitting that it was considering plans for a building of no less than one hundred stories to cover an entire city block just north of its once famous tower in Madison Square. A. E. Lefcourt, a prolific skyscraper builder, rushed into the field with a 105-story dream for a comparatively small plot in Times Square. And then the excitement went out of all bounds.

Representatives of the architects for the Chrysler and Bank of Manhattan Towers met by chance and immediately found themselves in an argument. The Bank of Manhattan had been planned to be 836 feet overall. The Chrysler man declared he would beat that and did—by filing plans with the city for a 50-foot flagpole, to be structurally a part of the building. The Bank of Manhattan revised its plans and set 925 feet as its aim.

The Metropolitan Life then announced its plans—to build thirty-five stories on an entire block with a foundation and columns capable of supporting one hundred stories should they be needed for future expansion. Charles F. Noyes and David Schulte, two shrewd real-estate operators who control two consecutive city blocks, declared that within about eight or ten years they would build a 150-story super-skyscraper. With that announcement they captured a full page of a Sunday paper.

As extreme as 150 stories may seem, even to city dwellers, architects and engineers are virtually in accord that it is physically possible. There is the question of economical height, however, the point at which a building reaches its greatest efficiency and at which the law of diminishing returns becomes effective. From purely physical considerations, such as the strength of steel and concrete, a structure perhaps twice the height of the Eiffel Tower could be erected. Raymond Hood, architect of the Chicago Tribune Building, believes that the theoretical limit might even be 7,000 feet. Of course, an enormous plot of land would be required for 150 stories, not only for the building, but for transit and all means of access. The foundation would rest on a strong rock stratum, studied for faults by geologists. But, as far as common sense and utility are concerned, these same architects and engineers who admit the mechanical possibilities set only seventy-five stories as the efficient limit. That was the mark determined on in a recent report to S. W. Straus & Company, extensive financiers of building projects.

The principal factor in determining the height of a building today is that of elevators. Skyscraper elevators must transport thousands regularly and quickly—the question of safety can be dismissed temporarily, for now an average of only one passenger in 218,000,000 is killed in New York elevators. But these cars, of which no less than 28,104 are transporting 10,900,000 persons daily on Manhattan Island alone, take up a great deal of space. When a structure is as large as the Equitable Building with its fifty-nine elevators, the shafts cut a big slice out of the rentable area. It follows that the higher a building goes, the more the elevators required, and the less the space remaining in the narrow tower to bring in rent.

Nor can the number of elevators be arbitrarily reduced. In Wall Street today a schedule is maintained by which cars leave the ground floors of first-class office buildings every twenty seconds. Ernest Van Vleck, of the architectural firm of Starrett & Van Vleck, points out that architects take it

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for granted that business men cannot wait longer than twenty or thirty seconds for an elevator. Once the car is underway it can travel 700 feet a minute and stay within New York's speed limit for elevators, yet even at this rate it would take more than one minute to travel from the ground to the top of the Woolworth Building going at full speed, that is, if the trip made were in one lift without stopping for passengers to change cars.

Taking the 150-story architectural monstrosity as an example, it is easy to estimate just about how high America is likely to build. The sponsors of the 150-story fantasy declare that they believe the public would be glad to finance it, although such a venture would involve from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. What else is to be expected of that same public? The city would be asked to build more subways to jam the public into for an hour's ride downtown. The great building would house 50,000 persons in its offices, and on the basis of the average use of other large office buildings, it is estimated that 200,000 would pass through the portals of this structure daily.

Is that possible? Simple arithmetic shows that many approaches would be needed, for if these 200,000 persons were marched through the building at the street level, ten abreast, with each group of ten spaced three feet apart in marching order, at least eight hours would be required for the parade to pass through. Two hundred and fifty elevators would be required to serve such a building. It would take more than ten minutes for an express car to make its few stops, reach the top, and start down again. The shafts would take up so much space that rentable area would be so reduced as to be appropriate only for frankfurter stands.

How do responsible builders look at it? William Orr Ludlow, of Ludlow & Peabody, architects, believes that not only the shafts, but space through all lower floors needed for heavy supporting columns, plumbing, heating and all piping, will keep skyscrapers below one hundred stories. Louis J. Horowitz, who as president of Thompson & Starrett has been building skyscrapers on a national scale, admits that it costs no more to build one story than another when going up twenty stories or more, but he thinks "there ought to be a law" to save man from such a tower of Babel.

Yet, there may be possibilities of the world changing itself to fit such fantastic conditions. John Sloan, of Sloan & Robertson, designers of the fifty-six-story Chanin Building in New York, sees the chance of elevators traveling at much greater speeds than at present.

"There is no reason from a purely technical and safety viewpoint," he recently said, "why the speed of elevators could not exceed 1,400 feet a minute. . . . Only speeds over 1,800 feet a minute would prove too uncomfortable to passengers."

On the other hand, elevator manufacturers are studying the practicability of running two or more elevators in one shaft, one above the other, with the upper car an express car regulated to leave a safe margin above the lower one.

The General Electric Company has developed ultra-violet lamps of an incandescent type, which might provide artificial sunlight in the interior reaches of buildings two blocks square. In fact, windows probably would be eliminated entirely to prevent interference with artificial ventilation, which today is providing balmy atmosphere, more constant than the real, to swimming pools and tennis courts in second sub-cellars, below the sea level in New York.

Architects are beginning to discuss ideas of using modified pneumatic tubes to replace elevators and to shoot persons into skyscrapers. Perhaps the tenants will like that, since even today they are willing to pay rentals of $7.50 and $8 a square foot for top-floor space, while they could get the same offices lower down at $2.50 a foot.

In the Driftway

NOW that the elections are over and the smoke of battle has cleared away, the Drifter wants to intrude a little propaganda of his own. He wants to launch a movement for the revival of bad roads. In the past quarter of a century good roads have become so ubiquitous in this country as to be a nuisance. It is no longer necessary to argue for them. Every schoolboy and every grand dad has swallowed the good-roads movement hook, line, and sinker. Nobody wants any longer to go even to heaven by a narrow path. If he can't drive up to the Pearly Gates on a cement highway, he would rather stay at home and play bridge.

* * * * *

ON the other hand, the Drifter anticipates that considerable missionary work will be necessary to make his bad-roads movement popular. Users of cars—and who isn't one?—will be especially skeptical. But the Drifter isn't going into this campaign blind. He has already marshaled his arguments. Bad roads wear out an automobile sooner than good ones, and so enable the owner to get a new car quicker than otherwise, and the fun of getting a new car, as everybody knows, is most of the joy of motoring. Then there is the question of exercise. Practically the only exercise in motoring consists in the bumps. A sufficiently bad road, taken at a smart clip, is as good as a horseback ride. A return to poorer roads would be a boon to the American digestion. Finally, if an adequate system of bad roads were provided, the hikers would take them, relieving drivers on the better highways of the nuisance of avoiding pedestrians by day and the mess usually incident to running them down on dark nights.

* * * * *

THUS the Drifter is coming gradually to his real object, which is to open up the countryside once more to pedestrians. Frankly he hasn't much hope of converting the users of cars to the advantages of bad roads, cogent though his reasons may be. But he thinks it possible, by appealing to the selfish interests of drivers, to get their support for a movement which would rid our cement thoroughfares of hikers. This could be done by leaving the good roads as they are in all their ugliness and laying out a paralled or supplementary system of dirt roads or paths for those who want to walk.

* * * * *

AND who wants to walk? the Drifter hears 999,999 out of his 1,000,000 readers (Query to Circulation Department: Or is it 2,000,000?) asking sarcastically. Well, there the Drifter isn't so sure of his ground. But if he is anything of a prophet (and probably he isn't), he fore-

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sees a reaction presently from our craze for speed, and a desire to go about again in the simplest and most primitive fashion. Of course the automobile is not going out of use. But in so far as it is driven as a sport or a fad—and that accounts for an appreciable part of its hold on the public during the past quarter of a century—it is probably already on the wane. The airplane is rapidly cutting in on it among the younger generation. And how soon the younger generation grows up and becomes the ruling one!

* * * * *

SO the Drifter thinks the outlook for pedestrianism is good if only an opportunity is provided to pedestriate. In spite of the fact that our country roads have long been both unsafe and uncomfortable for walkers, they are still tramped by a hardy few, a number ready to expand prodigiously at the first fair opportunity. While we are agitating for special highways for cars, what's the matter with laying out, also, special byways for hikers? Will not some millionaire come forward and give the Drifter's bad-roads movements a great big handful?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Is a Bingham?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would seem that with the activities of Senator Hiram Bingham (R., Conn.) the term Nutmeg State would take on a new meaning. There are not a few of the Senator's constituents who cannot look upon his work on the Senate Finance Committee with the charming urbanity which Mr. E. Kent Hubbard displays. Day after day the people of Connecticut have flushed with shame at the reports of Mr. Bingham's "indiscreet" conduct, and on November 4 their embarrassment reached its peak at the vote of censure passed on him by the Senate. Shall the citizens of Connecticut continue to be bossed by a powerful Republican machine which puts into office men of Senator Bingham's stamp?

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . ." a young child heard her family talking about a young man whose mother was a Bingham. She pondered this in silence for a time and then asked, "What is a Bingham?" I pause for a reply.

Hartford, Connecticut, November 5 BEATRICE BROWN

A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to record my formal protest against the review of Count Keyserling's "Creative Understanding and the Recovery of Truth" which appeared in your issue of June 12, and in which the whole tone is one of superior scorn. The book was reviewed by a writer on politics, evidently out of sympathy with the entire subject of metaphysics. In the old days it was *The Nation's* habit to send books for review to the one person who knew most about the subject, and whatever one may think of the work of Keyserling, his books should be given for review only to an expert in the same field, i.e., a metaphysician and philosopher. It is even unfair to the reviewer to have given him such a work to review. It is like asking H. L. Mencken to review Dante.

The Hague, August 8 CARROLL BRENT CHILTON

For Detroit Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A dinner of Detroit friends of *The Nation* will be held at the Turn Verein Clubhouse, 8731 East Jefferson Avenue, on Friday evening, November 15, at six o'clock. Henry Raymond Mussey, Managing Editor of *The Nation,* will speak on *The Nation's* Program. A cordial invitation is extended to all readers in and around Detroit.

Detroit, November 1 JOSEPHINE GOMON,
15804 Ashton Road

Pressing and Hanging

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun, speaking of cartoons of burning witches, says: "Let us waive the quibble that the Puritans actually burned no witches and merely killed a few by a process known as 'pressing.'" The cartoonists should indeed be warned not to be guilty of the quibbling of representing burning as if it were a specially objectionable method of killing. But Mr. Broun is still inaccurate. The Puritans merely killed a few by a process known as "hanging." Among the accused, at the moment when juries were convicting everybody, was one man (presumably Mr. Broun's "few") who saw that the juries were determined to convict, and reflected that if he were convicted his property would be forfeited and his family left destitute; so he decided to put a kibosh on that by committing another violation of law, the penalty of which under English law (which in this matter allowed no discretion to a judge or a jury) would be that he should be pressed to death, this taking precedence of the business of trying him for witchcraft. So, by voluntarily becoming guilty of an offense for which he would have to be pressed to death, Giles Corey brought it to pass that he was never tried for witchcraft, and it remains judicially undetermined to this day whether he was a witch or not; and his widow and orphans had something to live on after his death, because he was never adjudged to be a witch nor to be punishable as such. But as for those who were adjudged to be witches, they were hanged, until the Puritans speedily decided that this was a bad business and quit it.

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 1 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

For Paxton Hibben's Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Paxton Hibben Memorial Hospital Fund is sponsoring a Russian exhibition and bazaar at 17 West Fifty-seventh Street during November and December. A large collection of Russian peasant handicraft, especially suitable as Christmas gifts, is offered for sale at extremely reasonable prices.

The proceeds of the bazaar will be used for the equipment and maintenance of a children's hospital bearing the name of Paxton Hibben. It is probable that this hospital will be located in the Crimea on the Black Sea, so that children suffering from tuberculosis of the bone may have the benefit of the mild climate and sea air.

The bazaar is open from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.

New York, November 5

DR. GREGORY STRAGNELL, Chairman
FORREST BAILEY, Vice-Chairman

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Mr. Doheny and Mexican Oil

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To Jonathan Wickwire's observations in the issue of *The Nation* for September 25 on American Investments in the Petroleum Industry in Mexico this might be added:

In one of Mr. Doheny's reports to his company he also states that he was originally encouraged to go oil hunting in Mexico by Mr. Robinson who in 1900 was president of the Mexican Central Railroad, running from El Paso to Mexico City, with branches. The Central had a fuel problem, the Mexican coal then available being costly and not of especially high quality. He urged Mr. Doheny to go after oil in Mexico and promised to take his product for locomotive fuel, under a contract, if he found it. Mr. Doheny found the oil, but, as he states in his report, before he brought any of it to the surface ready for market, the Central lines had become merged in the National Railways of Mexico, Mr. Robinson had retired, conditions had changed, and for a long time Mr. Doheny had hard work to dispose of the very heavy oil that came from his original Mexican wells in the Ebano district.

As a matter of petroleum history, so far as it concerns daring enterprise, persistence in face of profound discouragements, and the amount of cash actually invested before profits began to come in, it always has been understood by the *cognoscenti* that the real pioneer in the Mexican oil fields was the Britisher, Lord Cowdray. It was Cowdray's huge Dos Bocas well, not Mr. Doheny's Cerro Azul, that first focused the attention of world oil experts and investors upon the possibilities of the Mexican fields and started the boom there. Dos Bocas, which I believe still holds the record for size and estimated potential production, was worse than a dead loss to Cowdray. Immediately it began to spout it caught fire and burned furiously for months, the glare being visible far out at sea, before the immense pool which it tapped was exhausted. Not a barrel of the oil was saved. Dos Bocas it was that advertised Mexico's oil resources to the world, at Cowdray's expense. It is well known that Cowdray, who for years in the beginning played in the worst kind of hard luck in his petroleum-development operations in Mexico, of which the destruction of Dos Bocas was the culmination, sank millions of dollars —in fact, strained even his adequate financial resources to the limit—before his luck turned and he began to make money. Among Cowdray's other traditional business eccentricities he never employed a press agent to blow his horn.

The modest original sum which Mr. Wickwire finds represented Mr. Doheny's investment in Mexican oil, before he began to play the game on velvet, directs attention to this not generally appreciated fact: Estimates of the amount of American capital invested in Mexico—*I mean real money actually put into the country*—always have been grossly exaggerated, even by our official statisticians in Washington. No one knows the correct amount, of course, and there is no way of finding it out. But twenty years ago the legend began to run that "there is a billion dollars of American capital in Mexico." Latterly the sum has been jacked up to a billion and a half.

There never was, and there is not now, anything like a billion American dollars invested in the Republic. The total, figuring liberally, is not more than $750,000,000. Probably $650,000,000 would be closer to the mark. I mean actual cash, not inflated company capitalization or potential development values of American-owned properties and business enterprises of all descriptions.

As a matter of fact, before the revolution Great Britain had almost as large, possibly as great, a financial stake in Mexico as the United States. But the Britishers didn't talk about it as much as the Americans. Most statisticians still insist upon setting down the railways of Mexico under the head of American investments. While it is true that substantially all of the important lines there, leaving out the British road beween Mexico City and Vera Cruz, were projected and built by Americans, the bulk of the capital came originally from the same source as that which supplied most of the cash used in the construction of our own railway systems—from Europe.

This super-inflated notion of the aggregate of American capital in Mexico also prevails with respect to our investments in all of the Caribbean countries.

Mexico City, October 1 Robert Hammond Murray

A Reply to Heywood Broun

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the September 11 issue of *The Nation* Heywood Broun reverts again to his favorite indoor sport of explaining to his readers why Governor Smith was defeated. This time he fastens the blame on President Hoover because, as a candidate, Mr. Broun states, Mr. Hoover "remained silent when his accredited managers raised the religious issue." There was no reason whatever why Mr. Hoover should have spoken on this issue since his managers did not raise the religious issue. It was first raised by Governor Smith in his speech in Oklahoma City.

As proof of Mr. Broun's statement, he refers to the speech of Mrs. Willebrandt in Ohio. This speech was delivered before the Methodist Conference, and Mrs. Willebrandt did not raise a religious issue when she sought to mobilize the Methodist church in opposition to Governor Smith's anti-prohibition policy. This was done by scores of speakers before church assemblies. The Methodist church, for nearly one hundred years, has waged a vigorous campaign against the liquor traffic. Its bishops and ministers have been the most implacable foes of liquor in the history of this country. This is the only denomination which maintains a prohibition lobby in Washington. Mrs. Willebrandt committed no offense in calling upon the leaders of this church to mobilize against Governor Smith's candidacy, because he favored changing our national prohibition laws. Mr. P. H. Callahan of Louisville, an ardent and nationally known Catholic prohibitionist, has publicly stated many times that he saw nothing objectionable in Mrs. Willebrandt's address.

Heywood Broun states that the South was won on the religious issue. Mr. Broun cannot state this as a fact. The solid South was broken as much by the prohibition issue as it was by the religious issue, for it is well known that the voters of the South are ardently in favor of prohibition. For years the South has been solidly dry. No group of States in the country represents such an unalterably dry sentiment, and Governor Smith, had he been a Protestant, in all likelihood could not have carried the South. Besides how did the millions of Catholics in the South vote? For Mr. Hoover? Hardly.

In his closing paragraph, in referring to Bishop Cannon's objection to Raskobism in Virginia, Mr. Broun says: "Mr. Raskob is a leading Wall Street operator and a prominent Catholic." Why did not Mr. Broun also add what he knew to be true, namely, that Mr. Raskob is "sousingly wet" in his attitude toward national prohibition? Was it because he knew that this fact is the chief reason for Bishop Cannon's opposition to Raskob and if he stated the whole truth about this Democratic leader he would be defeating his own argument?

Denver, Colorado, September 11 William E. Sweet

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Books and Drama

The Boy in the House

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

If I find spread out upon a chair
Broken toys the dearer for their wear,
  Lead soldiers lacking feet and tops their bloom,
  I know a small boy sleeps in the next room.
Boys make treasures of an empty shell,
A wormy acorn, and a tongueless bell.

And I have found the sad-eyed trilobite
Who stared a million years ago on night
  Turned into rock, the rapt calligraphy
  Of fossil shells a thousand miles from sea.
I have learned from coal that trees stood straight
Before there was a man to emulate
  Their grace and wish to lift aloft his face
  As high as might be from his feeding place.
I have come upon the broken bones
Of mountains, and found shut in amber stones
  Gilt flies that drink the air at every pore,
  Wilted roses women never wore.
White stallions by the thousand I have seen
Come up the beach together, rear and lean
  Their breasts on wind with nothing else to do
  But waste the power of their every thew.
I have seen ten thousand palms of frost
In a moment of the sunlight lost;
  Cathedrals of the thunderheads slide down
  As idly as the wasted thistledown;
A billion seeds go off on happy wings
Into the place prepared for swimming things.
  I have seen the deepest of the dyes
  On a moment's rainbow in the skies.

I know the boy who holds these playthings dear
Is sleeping in the room beyond us here.

The Illustration of Children's Books

By STEPHEN G. RICH

"JUVENILES," as they are called in the publishing business, begin with early textbooks for school use. In colonial days the only juvenile reading consisted of books of the type of the "New England Primer" and a few stories of presumably or intended moral purpose "written down to the children's level." The schoolbooks were illustrated with crude woodcuts lacking perspective, delineation, and even relevance to the incident supposed to be illustrated. From this inauspicious beginning to the present excellently illustrated juveniles is a long development, and one that falls into several definite stages. These stages overlap, of course, but each nevertheless stands out quite distinctly.

Before the juvenile as such had become sharply differentiated from the textbook or the moral tract the era of woodcuts had well set in. We find in such schoolbooks as Parker's "Juvenile Philosophy" (1848) the fairly well-drawn woodcut illustrating children's activities; moral tracts of this period likewise have this type of illustration. As far as I now know, this type of illustration was in use before any juveniles as we now understand the term had been published.

With Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" and Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" the juvenile as such may be said to have become a recognized type of book. Both of those books were illustrated with woodcuts made from pen-and-ink drawings. In the sixties and seventies another type of juvenile—the book of stories or the tale of adventure or the popular-science book—began to appear. Here the woodcuts reached a high development. Full-page woodcuts, often well executed, adorned the boys' favorites of the period, such as the works of Jules Verne, some of which were translated into English as fast as written.

This same period saw the introduction of the chromo-lithographic process for the illustration of books for very young children. Alphabet books with lithographed red apples at "A is for apple," and Mother Goose collections with some lithographed pages and others well ornamented with woodcuts, appeared, often mounted on linen, page by page, so that the books would be indestructible. In the seventies the chromo-lithographic frontispiece was introduced. When wood-engraving nearly monopolized American illustrating for about a decade, it of course spread into juveniles.

With the coming of the half-tone process and the development of three-color and four-color half-tone work, illustrations in juveniles took on a manysided and almost bewildering variety. The general trend was what might naturally have been expected in a commercial situation. The illustrations were such as to please the persons who bought the books rather than those who read them. The parents, not the children, were the persons to whom the appeal was made. Even to this day the vast majority of juveniles are illustrated so as to catch the eyes of the parents rather than those of the children. If we examine almost any one of the finer editions of any juvenile we shall find that the covers are illustrated artistically, but not so as to appeal as much as possible to children. The amount of detail in the illustrations within is usually far beyond what children notice. This tendency has even spread into textbooks, as in the case of the beautiful illustrations with fairy detail in the Moore-Wilson Readers, published in 1927.

The entrance of the schoolbook houses into the juvenile publishing field brought a new tendency. During the last ten or twelve years there has been a growing demand, in public and private schools alike, for libraries of interesting juveniles in classrooms. It would be hard to find an elementary-school classroom in the more wide-awake schools and systems that does not have either such a library or several sets of juveniles for the children to read. The suburban public school of which the writer was principal for a time had in 1923 no less than fifteen sets of juveniles for the first-grade children; by now it has many more. The same school had almost as many for the second grade and for the third, while for the four higher grades there were classroom libraries consisting largely of juveniles in contrast to textbooks and reference

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books. The schoolbook publishers have provided amply for this kind of need. The John C. Winston Company, for example, have brought out excellent low-priced editions of the books that children like to read. Lyons and Carnahan have issued the "Red Feather" books of Indian child-life, beloved of children and often used as gift books. Similar issues might be mentioned of almost any of the more enterprising schoolbook houses.

With the advent of the schoolbook publisher a new type of illustration came into juveniles. The style of illustration and the quality of pictures found in the modern American readers were carried over into the younger juveniles. Anne Gifford, for example, illustrating the plains Indian story "Red Feather's Adventures," suitable for ten-year-olds, used what may be described as a wash-drawing and poster style. The fact that much detail has been omitted in the pictures in this book is typical of the best reader-illustrating practice, and is one of the outstanding merits of this piece of work. The omission often annoys adults who examine the book, but evidently and conspicuously makes the illustrations more appreciated by the children. This same book also shows the greater degree of relevance which the textbook illustrators have attained—a quality whose absence is the greatest lack in many contemporary juveniles.

In the older juveniles, such as Bertha Parker's recent "Book of Electricity" for children about thirteen years old, line-drawings, exceedingly clear, are used extensively. These are supplemented by well-chosen half-tone reproductions of photographs. This use of line-drawings has been taken over from recent textbook usage, as in the widely used Maroney hygiene series. Even though this hygiene series belongs in the textbook field, it must be mentioned as marking the farthest attainment in vividness in black-and-white drawings used in any matter read by young people.

A recent interesting development, worthy of both praise and blame, is the Ianelli "childish-type" illustrating, found in both juveniles and readers. Miss Ianelli, an Illinois artist, who has worked in mass crayon, does with more skill than children possess the kind of picture that children draw. For example, she shows a party of persons leaving home in a motor car, but she distorts the perspective, enlarges the heads of the persons, and schematizes the outlines of house, trees, and car much as a child of six or seven would do in trying to draw the scene. For the schematization, the omission of detail that children do not notice, and the emphasis upon salient features commendation is deserved. But the general "pseudo-childish" effect must be considered as distinctly undesirable. There appears to be an assumption back of this style—the assumption that children distort in that way in their drawings because they actually see things that way. The fact that they do not so see things is shown by the fact that they recognize the objects in any accurate drawing or a photograph. Miss Ianelli has simply followed the children's inability to handle crayon. Of course, there is a good commercial reason for doing this; teachers and parents are attracted by the childish drawings, and the books sell well.

There is very definite information to be had about what children actually like in illustrations. Perhaps the most authoritative study is that of Miss Florence Bamberger, the results of which are embodied in a doctoral dissertation, "The Effect of the Physical Make-Up of a Book upon Children's Selection," published by Johns Hopkins University. Miss Bamberger worked experimentally, with proper "controls" and other precautions, with children in the earlier years of school and with sufficiently large numbers of children to make her results both valid and reliable. What she found can be briefly summed up. First of all, children are attracted to and continue to like red and green in illustrations. Yellows and oranges do not appeal to them very much. Second, they do not notice details, shadings, and the like. Furthermore, they are not much interested in pictures that have a strongly alien, strange, or foreign look; it would appear that familiar costumes or surroundings are desirable.

With the Bamberger investigation in mind, it is apparent that much remains to be done in the way of giving children really adequate illustrations in juvenile books. In general, the outstanding need is for a coarseness of drawing and a splashing on of vivid masses of color beyond what is today attempted. Backgrounds may well be left out entirely or shown as plain flat skies. Perhaps it might be well for publishers of juveniles to follow the daring artist who illustrated one of the upper grades of the "Child Story Readers." This artist pictured Gulliver as an American navy "gob" and the ships of Blefuscu as contemporary schooners in illustrating a selection from Gulliver's "Travels," the details of sky, sea, and beach being left out. And the children who see this illustration are entranced!

An American Commoner

The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan. By Paxton Hibben. With an Introduction by Charles A. Beard. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

NO one can read this book without profound regret that it is the last volume to come from Paxton Hibben's gifted pen. It is by far the best of his writings and measures accurately the speed of that intellectual advance which was so tragically terminated by his death. His narrative is delightful reading; his picture of Bryan is drawn with insight, understanding, and much kindliness as well; but also with the unsparing sharpness and accuracy of the surgeon's knife. No lengthy picture of Bryan thus far drawn is equal to this, or as readable. Mr. Hibben has related the Commoner well to his background and carefully traced his political growth and recession, illuminating the story with flashes of wisdom and biting comment not only upon Bryan himself, but also upon his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Hibben, a natural-born reformer and protester against the evils of the established order, felt a good deal of sympathy for Bryan. He saw in Bryan, with all his defects, his shams, his stupidities, and his pitiful lack of depth and knowledge, a champion of the people. Had he been of voting age Mr. Hibben would undoubtedly have voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900 as a defender of the democratic faith tilting at the prophets of imperialism, big business, the money power, the war-making forces in our society. But he would have voted for Bryan as the lesser of two evils, with full understanding of the hard luck it was for the forces of liberal justice that a William Jennings Bryan should have become their unasked champion for so many years. He recognized the ability of Bryan, the power of his oratory, his occasional speeches of rare force; the fact that he personified many of the qualities of the masses for whom he set himself to speak. But he perceived also how the Commoner was constantly thwarted by his ignorance, his lack of personal dignity, his own inconsistency, his ever careful eye to the main chance, but always by his com-

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by Ford Madox Ford
Author of NO MORE PARADES

Out of the warmth and generosity of his mind he has written a novelized autobiography of his wartime experiences and reflections, both at the front as an officer and behind the lines as a propagandist. The clarity and urbanity of his writing shine upon his wisdom and make it glow. $2.50

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DANIEL DE FOE

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by Lillian Day

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plete unfamiliarity with the great currents of modern thought. The longer he lived the less he knew books.

These weaknesses constantly betrayed Bryan. They made him a colonel in the war with Spain that he had opposed; a defender of the American participation in the World War after he had resigned from the Cabinet rather than sign a note leading up to it; and finally the occupant, as a former colonel, of a grave in a military cemetery. If even the best of men are inconsistent, Bryan had enough inconsistencies to win him wings in the fundamentalist heaven that he believed in and so steadily portrayed. He would not cease lecturing for profit when he was Secretary of State, and he took so much money for his ardent defense of temperance, prohibition, peace, and the sale of lots in Florida that he died a millionaire. It was he who opposed McKinley—and rightly—because of our lurch into imperialism in 1898, and then began the occupation of Santo Domingo, carried on our imperialism in Panama, deprived Nicaragua of its sovereignty, and took part in and approved an invasion of Mexico; and all this in addition to making possible the ratification of the treaty with Spain which made the United States the overlord of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Well may our faint and perhaps dying liberalism exclaim: "Save me from my friends!"

It is difficult to take issue with some of Mr. Hibben's positions because he was the author of only twenty-one chapters of this posthumous work, and because one wonders whether he would not have revised some of his views had he lived to see the book through the press. But it is necessary to protest against the author's acceptance of the Bryan conception of Grover Cleveland and his treatment which renders it blacker. In these pages that sturdy and honest President appears as a mere tool of big business, the bankers, and all holders of special privilege; one who initiated a bankers' panic and stooped to deprive Bryan of his job as a Representative in Congress through J. Sterling Morton, his Nebraska Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Hibben charges Cleveland with much deviltry, including the sale of the country to foreign bankers; with being "easily and grossly misled"; with being a "very sick man" who "complained that his mind would not work"; with permitting the bankers who subscribed to his campaign funds to "foreclose" their "mortgage on the White House" before he had even packed his trunks for that dwelling.

The repeal of the silver purchase law is portrayed as an act of infamy by Mr. Cleveland, and the sale of gold bonds abroad as an anticipation of the authority of Congress. As a matter of fact there was a law to cover the sale of the bonds. As for the silver purchase act, Cleveland, after first promising some of his independent Democratic supporters that it should be repealed by a special session of Congress, changed his mind in the face of warnings that a delay would precipitate a panic. Far from "foreclosing a mortgage," it took the hardest kind of work by men who were not in the "pay of Wall Street" to make him finally understand the need of haste. The law was not repealed until October, 1893. Mr. Hibben rightly says that "when the coinage of silver dollars had been duly halted on the President's demand, nothing happened. Business conditions grew steadily worse, not better." Precisely as Cleveland had been told by sound and honest financiers, financial writers and teachers of economics, would be the case, relief came too late. If certain wicked financiers "held a mortgage on Grover Cleveland" they were unconscionably slow in foreclosing it, and those financiers must have suffered and did suffer not a little in the ensuing panic through the suspension of dividends, the failures of railroads, etc., although from Mr. Hibben's account it would seem as if they all enriched themselves while the nation was prostrate. This is not worthy of Mr. Hibben's abilities.

The book from Chapter XXII on has been excellently completed by C. Hartley Grattan after consultation with various friends of Mr. Hibben. Mr. Grattan's imitation of the author's style is remarkable and so is the content of his contribution. Altogether the book is a notable addition to the long list of biographies of American public men which fill our shelves.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Small Ways of Small People

Money for Love. By Josephine Herbst. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

WHATEVER one may think of her choice of subject and the narrow possibilities it offers to her superior talents, one must admit that Miss Herbst achieves with complete competence what she sets out to do. What catches her pitilessly clear eye (it would be unfair to the particular school she represents to speak of anything "interesting" her) is the deadening of the average youthful personality under the hard edge of metropolitan economic life. If her books can be said to celebrate anything it is the extinction of the heroic. The emotions of all her characters are, as it were, stepped down, reduced several degrees. Love is not transformed into lust (for that is a romantic transformation) but minimized into a kind of weary attraction. The impulse to pleasure never blackens to viciousness but grays to a dull desire for the simpler anodynes: cheap liquor, superficial literary culture, banal "bull session" conversations. The titles of her two books are significant: "Nothing Is Sacred" and "Money for Love." There is fatigue in the perfectly unselfconscious casualness of these apparently shocking phrase combinations.

With respect to tightness of structure and parsimony of phrase, Miss Herbst's second novel is a considerable improvement over her first. It is concerned with a few months in the life of Harriet Everist, a second-rate actress who, like the friends that gravitate to her, has just enough intelligence to make her irritated with her sordid environment and not enough to enable her to surmount it. The very triumph of such a character is tinged with defeat: Harriet, after weeks of futile and tawdry blackmail, at last manages to extort from a former lover enough money to send herself and Joseph Roberts on a European honeymoon tour. But the relationship between Joseph and Harriet is an inevitably shallow one; and one feels that Harriet's petty maneuver merely opens the door to a new series of irritations and disillusionments. The story is told in an American lingo carefully denuded of all picturesque qualities; the people talk small because they think and feel small. The whole book is a triumph of perfectly sincere understatement.

I have the highest admiration for Miss Herbst's gifts, for the technical dexterity with which she arranges the elements of her narrative, for her realistic observation. The dissatisfaction that I feel with regard to books such as "Money for Love" is probably due to a personal defect. That elementary, perfectly non-aesthetic response known as reader-interest is simply not aroused. There is nothing for my attention to take hold of, no sharp points, no surprises, no little emotional peaks and climaxes. The lives and the conversation of the characters are worn so smooth, they are so dulled, so casual that I for one have somewhat the same sensation in reading these pages that I would have in overhearing the commonplace dialogue of the married couple next door. I understand perfectly that one of the things Miss Herbst is trying to show is the dismal unimportance of most young American lives. She demonstrates this brilliantly, but the obvious paradox is that as her demonstration becomes more convincing the reader's attention becomes more diffused.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

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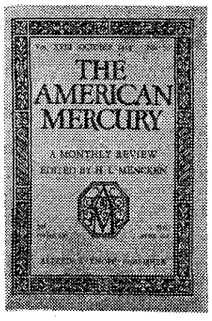

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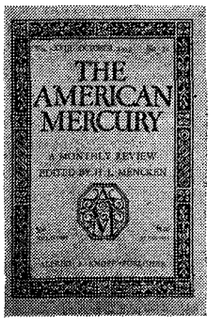

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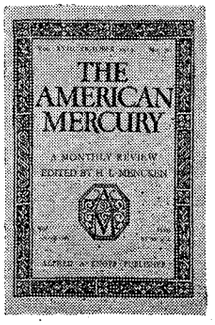

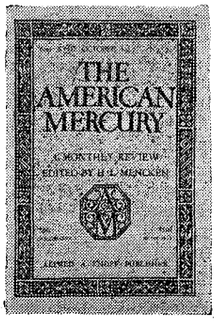

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Spooks and the Like

A Curious Life. By George Wehner. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

"A CURIOUS LIFE" purports to be the autobiography of Mr. George Wehner, a professional medium who evoked the spirit of the late Rudolph Valentino to entertain readers of a tabloid newspaper with his adventures in the spirit hinterland. Mr. Wehner confesses that he began seeing fairies in Michigan at the age of three and later watched them in the Hudson River valley. The Michigan fairies were three inches high and flew about on butterflies and bumblebees, while those along the Hudson were an inch and a half high, toted their own wings, and carried paint brushes. Mr. Wehner suggests an interesting botanical theory that the paint brushes may account for the colors of flowers. Before he grew to maturity he was conversing amiably with the spirit of Madame Blavatsky and an Indian spook named White Cloud. White Cloud speaks with that peculiar jargon —"Make light. Me see that way more good"—unknown among live Indians and apparently peculiar to these Indian "controls." Mr. Wehner makes it clear that his life has been just one spook after another. In his narrative the spirits of the departed manifest the dignity and beauty of existence on what the mediums call the higher plane by rapping on tables, banging doors, flinging furniture about, pinching the toes of Mr. Wehner's uncle, and pulling the bedclothes off his maiden aunt. Mr. Wehner relates that, a few years back, when he was "broke" after an ill-starred venture in vaudeville, White Cloud whisked three dollars into his hand. About this time, as we recall, a total of some $35,000 in prizes was being offered by two scientific magazines, by Mr. J. H. Rinn, and by the late Houdini to any medium who should materialize a spirit under scientific test conditions. In these circumstances White Cloud with his paltry three dollars seems unaccountably shy—or a bit inconclusive.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Verse for Children

The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Every Soul Is a Circus. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense. By Burges Johnson. Harper and Brothers. $1.

Tigers and Things. By Andy Kauffman and His Little Sister. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Chimney Corner Poems. By Veronica S. Hutchinson. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

Green Pipes. By J. Paget-Fredericks. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN these days when adult life is often an exacting pattern of routine worn like armor by many a skeptic Thomas, it is well that children love the utterly ridiculous. Familiarity with it may save them later from loss of humor or from the puritanic dearth stamped upon their parents. Moreover, every normal child enjoys a world of up-side-down, and is inclined to find in the looking-glass a reflection more real than the forms of living imposed upon him. Logical nonsense, indeed, often governs a child's creative thinking. In his world anything is possible and surprise is pleasurable. Then why not cats in the coffee? Why not tea-trays in the sky? If grown-ups will not believe in these things so much the worse for them, and the child may level at them such devastating criticism as that implied in "Old Father Williams," verse in which the child criticizes as unsuitable to maturity the very acrobatic ease he admires:

> You are old, said the youth, one would hardly suppose
> That your eyes was as steady as ever;
> Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
> What made you so awfully clever?

Lewis Carroll is one of the greatest writers for children. That he is as deeply ironic as he is absurd is left for the mature mind to discover. He understands perfectly just what a child sees in the looking-glass of his unshadowed and free imagination. He knows, for example, that although the grotesque is, for the adult, often symbolic, it is for the child merely funny: no double meanings occur to the child reading of Jack the Giant-killer, no horror of a mechanized world in the story of the crocodile within whose belly is a clock. The frequently very tragic and awesome plots of fairy tales are quite endurable to children; their faith that all will end well sustains them. Therefore the world of Lewis Carroll is frequently a world of oblique, distorted images, but these images behave perfectly rationally. Carroll realizes that nonsense must be very necessary nonsense. His verse-parody, as his commentator Francis McDermott points out, is based on logic and his favorite device is the *reductio ad absurdum.* Now a child will accept any hypothesis if, once he has done so, he is allowed to follow a reasonable argument to a consequent proof. Given a world where anything absurd may happen and where absurdities function according to logic—and this is the world which Carroll presents—the child has both an entire liberty of imagination and a familiar pattern of events. No mature-mindedness limits his invention, nor is his sense of an orderly universe violated. Lewis Carroll alone of all writers of nonsense verse has just this happy blend of the utterly absurd and the perfectly logical.

Vachel Lindsay, attempting the same art as Carroll, fails badly. He is never capable of a sense of humor; he cannot be nonsensical; he cannot relinquish his pose as teacher, and he is completely lacking in understanding of his students.

The tom-tom beat of his rhythms is, to be sure, an excellent technique for children's verse, but his ideas appeal neither to children nor to adults. In "Every Soul Is a Circus" Lindsay, writing ostensibly for children, is as usual writing for Lindsay alone. Any child who had been made to realize his possession of a soul would be likely to take it much more seriously than does the gamboling fifty-year old poet. As for the nonsensical philosophy implied in the title, what hint of it is be found in the confusion of political propaganda, absurd patriotism, and devitalizing dogma with which the book is filled? Whatever would any child make of this:

> Babbit, your tribe is passing away.
> This is the end of your infamous day.
> The Virginians are coming again.
>
> With your neat little safety-vault boxes,
> With your faces like geese and foxes,
> You
> Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men—

And yet the book is dedicated to tom-boy girls and gosh-awful boys!

To be just, however, we must note the fact that within the covers of "Every Soul Is a Circus" are several very simple and repetitive poem-games. These are poems to be danced, without music or drums, through bodily movement; they are imaginative enough and rhythmic enough to catch the young child's interest and would, doubtless, lend themselves to the teaching of bodily expression of poetry:

> The swan is like a moon to me,
> The swan is like a moon to me,
> The swan floats through the reeds and foam,
> The swan floats through the reeds and foam.

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Burges Johnson's "A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense" is the season's third book of so-called nonsense for children. This tiny anthology of amusing limericks and parodies should be popular with both children and adults.

The more serious collections of children's verse published recently are not very interesting. One of the best for younger children is Milne's "The Christopher Robin Story Book" (E. P. Dutton and Company), a selection of his earlier poems.

What surprises and delights most in the fall offerings of verse is not the work of the poet or of the anthologist, but the work of the illustrator. Several very unusual and beautifully illustrated books are foreign importations. "The Forest Story" (The Macmillan Company) gives any child fortunate enough to possess it an immediate acquaintance with Czecho-Slovakian feeling for bizarre design and color. "Spin Top Spin" (The Macmillan Company) is so delightfully illustrated by Elsa Eisgruber as to afford the child an understanding of the whole of Teutonic flaxen-haired, round-faced, sturdy-booted childhood.

Other illustrated books offer the child better examples of good art than of good verse. The original drawings of various wild beasts by tiny Andy Kauffman and his little sister in the volume "Tigers and Things" indicate the astonishing precocity of children in setting down in dynamic coloring what they have seen. These animals are a thousand times more alive than most such beasts drawn by grown-ups. "Chimney Corner Poems," collected by Veronica Hutchinson, is artfully illustrated by Lois Lensky in a manner imitative of children's single-line drawings. J. Paget-Fredericks, a true artist, has gone much farther than most other American illustrators of children's verse in his volume "Green Pipes." His is the primitive animistic conception of beauty. The flowers, the dust, the frost, the forest are alive and moving through patterns of life. Like Pamela Bianco's illustrations for certain poems of Blake these drawings, although not so mystic, are both interpretative and symbolic. Speaking of Blake, the new edition of "Songs of Innocence," illustrated by Jacynth Parsons and published by the Medici Society of Boston and London, lacks just this quality of the symbolic. Miss Parsons has returned to the less interpretative manner of drawing and has filled her book with actual little boys and girls, casual lions and lambs.

Three things are necessary to the best of children's verse: a direct appeal to the sense of motion through rhythm, a direct appeal to the auditory sense through word-sound, and such concreteness and fantasy of idea as will appeal to the younger intellect. An illustrator of any given book may do much toward heightening each of these appeals and has frequently done so. The poet has not always been so capable, but his is the more difficult task; words are less tractable tools than are pen and paint brush. Children are willing to accept rhythm for its own sake, but it must be a fairly simple and accurate rhythm—more frequently the direct attack of the trochaic foot, I believe, than the indirect attack of the iambic. Children delight moreover in language for its own sound, in totally meaningless words if they are sonorous; these are to the child the same kind of stimuli as are the meaningless vocables of primitive songs to the primitive listeners. The most difficult task comes when the poet or collector must so successfully enter into the child's mind as to be certain what subject matter will most appeal. Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill in "The Winged Horse" and its accompanying anthology have indicated that they believe that a child's development in understanding of poetry is usually a slow progress from interest in a story told with ballad simplicity to an ability to interpret the subjective lyric. This, in general, is true, but we should remember that children vary greatly in their inherent ability to appreciate poetry; some, like their parents, will come in time to delight in the finest of poets, while others will never outgrow Edgar Guest.

EDA LOU WALTON

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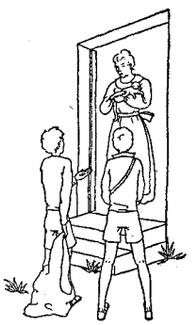

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Pueblo Stories

Indian Stories from the Pueblos. By Frank Applegate. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

IN his "Stories from the Pueblos" Mr. Applegate has given us a type of Indian tale which, if not unattempted by others, is in this case notable. Here, without any pretense literary or ethnological, the Indian is made to appear as he shows himself to the whites who approach him humanly. Childlike but not childish, honest, bewildered, wise, humorous, and grave, so we meet the Pueblеño, his wife, sweetheart, and hereditary foe; and along with them a few of the white men who figure in his environment, but never to the extent that the white man imagines. In a foreword Witter Bynner calls the book a "homely and vivid record. Bare ... like the bareness of Indians," and pays tribute to its authenticity to a life which Mr. Bynner himself knows too well to be deceived about.

But this does not quite do justice to literary gifts so unobtrusively displayed as occasionally to fail of recognition. Mr. Applegate shows himself naively unfamiliar with the literary convention of story-telling, which is a pity since by his failure to achieve the absolute and compelling form he is due to lose several of the best of his anecdotes. So many of them are precisely the material of the accomplished raconteur that I confidently look to see them turn up in various more sophisticated versions before the winter is over; especially the humorous ones, for Frank Applegate has that rarest of gifts, humor, which endears the subject and leaves him the better loved for being laughed at. Nor would I suggest that within his own genre Mr. Applegate has not succeeded in achieving form, as in the story of the Artists and the Snakes and the initial tale of the Ancestral Eagles. It is in this sketch of what, to the Indians involved, is a serious problem of ancestral rights in natural resources that the author is at his best in subtle, unenvenomed satire. Not the Indian Bureau itself could have composed anything at once so obtuse, so satirically revealing, and so hilariously funny as the letter in answer to Tabo Salukama's urgent request for the return of his ceremonial eagle; and this reviewer has had forty years' experience of what the Indian Bureau can do in that line.

In Hopi Quarrel, as well as elsewhere, when the Indian undertakes to communicate with his white friends in their tongue, the author of "Indian Stories" exhibits an unusual sensitiveness to the rhythms of Indian speech breaking through into the unfamiliar medium. This has been sparingly used, possibly because the curious prejudice of editors against Indian dialect is not unknown to Mr. Applegate. The dialectic Indian version of English is at once more musical and easier to read than either Negro or Yiddish, but it has been so systematically banned by editors that the public has small chance to become acquainted with its quaint amusingness, never any more exactly rendered than in the present instance.

It is when Mr. Applegate attempts to render the myth of the Indian that he leads the reader unfamiliar with the material slightly astray. Of the esoteric myths of the Pueblos there is practically nothing obtainable. Of the exoteric or secular myth there is little that has not been so added to and confused with alien matter that, as quoted by Mr. Applegate, it becomes largely misleading. In the Montezuma story it is not made clear that, as is doubtless well known to Mr. Applegate, the story of Montezuma was never attached to the story of Poseueve or Poseyemo until after the Spanish conquest, by which means the Montezuma story was brought north and in the course of time mixed with the native hero tale of Poseyemo. It should also have been made clear that the story of why the Navaho do not eat fish is merely a

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Pueblo guess at a custom which seemed to them to require explaining. The Navaho themselves have another account of that business, and the ethnologists still another.

It is to be hoped that in a future edition matters of this kind may be cleared in a footnote, since the book as a whole is too freshly drawn and too amusingly true to the quality of tribal-mindedness to be allowed to lapse from the growing literature of the Indian.

MARY AUSTIN

The Harvest of Children's Books

Hitty: Her First Hundred Years. By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Next to a satisfying union of librettist and composer, the most difficult artistic combination is probably that of author and illustrator. Hitty, a doll who has been invested by her creator, Rachel Field, with a personality which might well be expanded to the proportions of a novel, has been equally fortunate in finding an artist who does her and her adventures ample justice. Although a "doll story" has heretofore been relegated to a predetermined position, Hitty's dignified and animated progress through American scenes in the best traditions of the American grand manner renders her a rare literary personage. She is irresistible, and a live character with pegs in place of muscles.

Italian Fairy Tales. By Capuana. Translated by Dorothy Emmerich. Drawings by Margaret Freeman. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

It is hard to say when apparent horror has ever been made more amusing and more matter-of-fact. The bloodthirsty characters are redeemed by the most delicious humor and a convincing Italian atmosphere well rendered by the translator.

Herodotus. Edited by Gordon King. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

In the days of Herodotus tales of history were told or read aloud. Since 425 B. C. oral recitation of history has become more or less a lost art. It is therefore a distinct achievement on the part of Mr. King to have caught and conveyed the freshness which is the peculiar appeal of Herodotus, and which is based partly on his method of presentation and partly on the fact that he wrote from actual observation and reflection rather than from scholarly research.

Three and the Moon. By Jacques Dorey. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

These legends of old Brittany, related to the boy Jacques by the Breton spinning-wheel, the Norman armor, and the broken-stringed mandora, are lovely and poetic additions to the stock of folk-tales. Reminiscent of Laurence Housman and Max Beerbohm in their imagery and humor, they are invested by Jacques Dorey with an original and powerful touch which has been superbly understood and interpreted by Artzybasheff.

Galahads and Pussy-Cats. By Wilhelm Speyer. Translated by Margaret Juers. Illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

In sharp contrast with the dreamy beauty of the French legends is this story of modern German schoolboys. Anything more definitely conveying the Teutonic atmosphere of organization and Spartan training, combined with a deeply sympathetic knowledge of schoolboy psychology, it is difficult to imagine.

For Young People of All Ages

THE TREE NAMED JOHN

By JOHN B. SALE

With 22 silhouettes by JOSEPH C. JONES

This is the story of a little boy who grew up on a Mississippi plantation. He didn't have any white playmates, and his favorite pal was black Henry Po'ter. Henry was an education in all sort of folk magic. Henry told John he had to swallow a blown up fish bladder to learn how to swim, bite off a butterfly's head to get a new suit of clothes, and eat the brains of his first bird to become a powerful hunter.

There was Aunt Betsey, too. She was the one who planted the name tree (every new baby just *had* to have one so he would grow up strong) and who saw to it that John learned his manners and a lot of other useful things, including most of Aunt Betsey's whimsical beliefs.

And around all this some delightful stories—including some wholly original animal fables, as well as the everyday escapades of John and Henry. The silhouette you see at the top illustrates Henry's magnificent sermon at "The Funeral of the Sinful Chicken."

It's an unusual book for the young-minded person, of whatever age. Put it on your list for now and Christmas—give it to youngsters and read it yourself.

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Where a Booth Tarkington or a Kipling would have reveled in the opportunities for irony in this story of schoolboy feuds with a neighboring town in the interest of better treatment for animals, Herr Speyer has stood aside and allowed dramatic situations and unforgettable personalities to make their own appeals. The delicious humor of the book is the result not only of native wit but of an unusually fine perspective, and the literary style is a thing to be grateful for.

mr. hermit crab. by mimpsy rhys. illustrations by helen sewell. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

The absence of capitals on the title-page, and the announcement that the book is a tale of children by a child, affect us favorably or otherwise according to our patience and our standards of enjoyment. Once we open the pages, this convulsing presentation of the genus governess and the really astonishing interest of the narrative of Victorian England and of two quarrelsome chums completely captivate us.

The Tree Named John. By John B. Sale. Silhouettes by Joseph Cranston Jones. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Those who have found in Du Bose Heyward and in Julia Peterkin fresh inspiration for the study of Negro life and superstitions, and who are lovers of Uncle Remus, will welcome this opportunity to present to their children a distinguished addition to Negro folk-lore. The idea of a tree planted in expectation of the birth of a child, and named for him, is beautiful and arresting. The education of that child, largely under the tutelage of Ole Ain' Betsey and Henry Po'ter, and embracing post-graduate courses in the most curious Negro superstitions and in tales of Br'er Rabbit which challenge comparison with those of Joel Chandler Harris, will be of absorbing interest to other children if read aloud. The dialect, to the untrained eye, seems very puzzling, but it is accurate and convincing when sympathetically rendered.

Little Black Stories for Little White Children. Translated from the French of Blaise Cendrars by Margery Bianco, with Illustrations from Original Woodblocks by Pierre Pinsard. Payson and Clarke. $2.

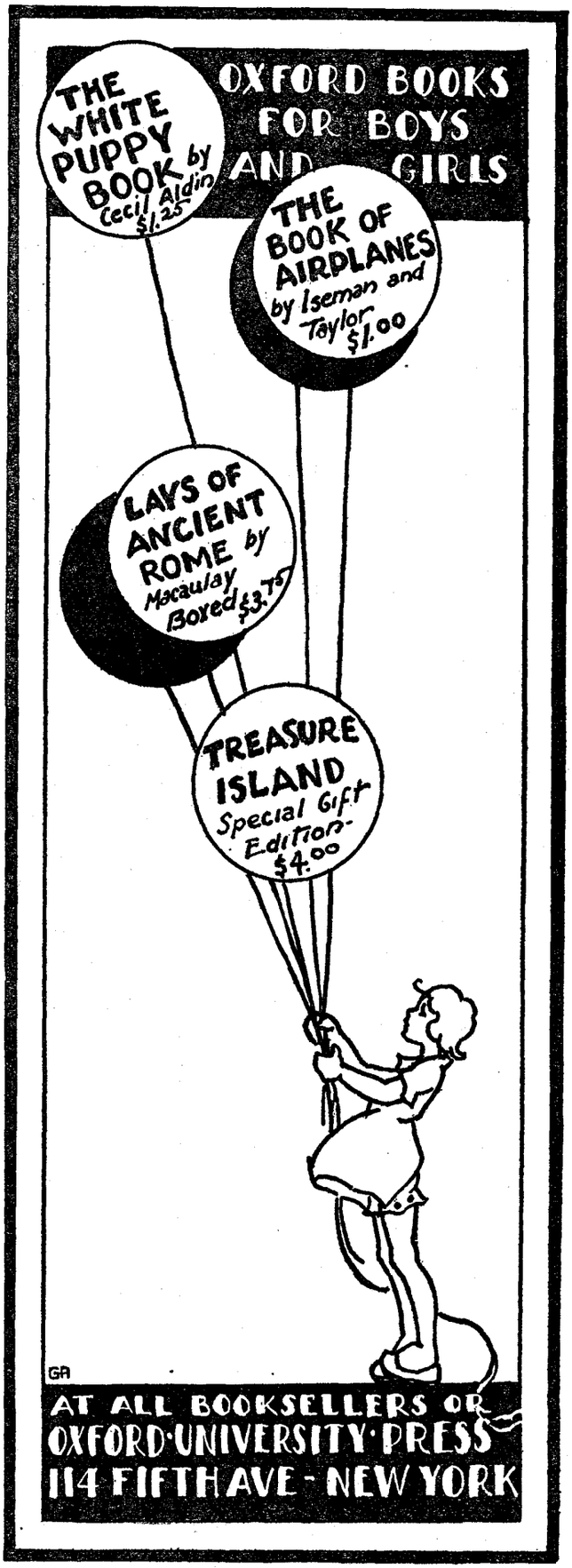
As in the case of the Artzybasheff illustrations, those in this book are indispensable and add greatly to a text whose clarity, humor, and originality are in themselves quite exceptional. The tales might be called the Just So Stories of Africa, but they are briefer and more striking.

Sophie. The Story of a Bad Little Girl. By Madame de Ségur. Translated by Margaret F. Melcher. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Despite the fact that there are now, we are assured, no "bad little girls," only misunderstood or mishandled ones, four-year-old Sophie with her marked talent for getting into trouble remains as convincing today as when she first served silver-polish and water at a forbidden tea-party and bathed the shrinking tortoise in the garden pool. The gay and spirited illustrations by Mrs. Barney present Sophie to us with renewed vitality.

A Child's Geography of the World. By V. M. Hillyer. With Many Maps and Illustrations by Mary Sherwood Wright Jones. The Century Company. $3.50.

Dr. Hillyer's ideas of presenting history and geography, not to mention training in the home, are tried out many times and with many groups of children before they are offered to a public which has learned to look forward to them partly for this very reason. The intimacy of his presentations, his humor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and his versatility, make the appearance of one of his books a decided event.

The Adventures of Tommy. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated in Colors by the Author. Frederick A. Stokes. $2.

H. G. Wells as illustrator and children's author is a combination of roles amusingly played. There is never a hint of the Wells we all know in this tale of the proud rich man searching humbly for a suitable gift for little Tommy.

The White Puppy Book. Text and Illustrations by Cecil Alden. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

The square format of this book and its large clear dog pictures make this an ideal gift-book for very little children. One is at first disappointed with the commonplace device of a rhyming text in prose form, but there is nothing commonplace about the text itself. The book has the same graphic simplicity as "Clever Bill" of blessed memory.

Rootabaga Country. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Stories from the well-known "Rootabaga Stories" and "Rootabaga Pigeons" have been collected in this volume and illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Admirers of Sandburg will welcome these selected tales with their new illustrations by an artist who has made a distinctive place for herself in the world of juvenille illustration.

The Burgess Seashore Book for Children. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by W. H. Southwick and George Sutton. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

This is the fourth volume in the series of which the "Bird Book," the "Animal Book," and the "Flower Book" have already appeared. Mr. Burgess needs no introduction and, with his usual tact, appears to educate his old friends Jimmy Skunk, Reddy Fox, and Danny Meadow Mouse, and not the child who reads the book. This method of painless education has proved popular. Mr. Southwick of the Museum of Natural History and Mr. Sutton, the State Ornithologist of Pennsylvania, have effectively illustrated the book.

The Tangle Coated Horse. By Ella Young. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This collection of episodes from the saga of Fionn, the Irish King Arthur, is full of the glamor of fine folk-lore and has the fascination of a true hero tale. It is told in spirited and poetic prose. Such illustrations as that of Fionn leaning on his spear, appealed to by the outstretched hands of the dead men "who have kept the will to thwart destiny," contribute fittingly to a notable volume.

The Black Buccaneer. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

First published in 1920, and since then followed by a host of pirate tales, "The Black Buccaneer" remains outstanding in its field. The thrilling adventures of two boys kidnapped by pirates are brought out vividly by the picturesque characterization of pirates and the period. Mead Schaeffer's illustrations for this new edition are superb.

Blue Ribbon Stories. Edited by Mabel Robinson. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

It is a pity that the title "Blue Ribbon," associated in many minds with mayonnaise and horse-racing, should here be used. Dr. Robinson, professor of juvenile fiction-writing at Columbia and herself the author of many books for children, has edited this selection of stories from children's magazines

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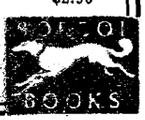

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with the cooperation of her classes. The book is planned to appeal to children of from five to sixteen. This is a difficult undertaking and the result was bound to be uneven; it certainly shows clearly that the standard of the short story in the juvenile world is not so high as that of the children's book. There are some outstanding stories, but on the whole the collection does not appear to be particularly significant.

The Book of Airplanes. By Lieutenant Commander J. W. Iseman and G. G. Jackson. Oxford University Press. $1.

The insatiable demand for books on airplanes continues, and Lieutenant Iseman and Mr. Jackson have here made a welcome contribution to an absorbing subject. Profuse illustrations add to the worth of the book, but the paper and binding are inferior.

This Happened to Me. Stories of Real Girls as Told to Helen Ferris. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The confession story has invaded the world of girls' books, but so deftly has Miss Ferris handled her material that she has given it a constructive twist which not only assures girls that "This Happened to Me" (as well as to you) but that "I Cured Myself." Such bogies as shyness, stage-fright, loquacity, comparison of two sisters, fear of ridicule, and many others are discussed and routed by the girls themselves in the light of their own experiences. It is difficult to do justice to a book which makes so wholesome and welcome a contribution to problems more often handled heavily by psychologists and educators.

Carmella Commands. By Walter S. Ball. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Just as, in the case of "This Happened to Me," a woman has interpreted girls' problems from the girls' own points of view, so in "Carmella Commands" Mr. Ball, with equal sympathy and penetration and in a distinguished literary style, has shown them in their relation to modern American conditions. "Carmella Commands," the winner of the Harper prize for the finest juvenile for girls, tells the story of a daughter of Italian immigrants growing up in modern New York, and of the many questions of Americanization, reconciliation of school and home standards, and of domestic and social interests which arise in the life of this young girl. The illustrations of the defiant and resourceful Carmella in her varied situations are clever and pointed.

The Lays of Ancient Rome. By Lord Macaulay. Illustrated by C. A. Cox. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Horatius, Virginius, and the other purple patches of Roman history immortalized by Macaulay receive renewed tribute in this handsome volume. The book should make Macaulay fashionable again.

Courageous Companions. By Charles J. Finger. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This prize-winning story, victorious in the Longmans-Green contest, is a stirring adventure tale of the period of Magellan. The illustrations are thoroughly in the spirit of the story and the period.

The Pirate of the Gulf. By Rupert Sargent Holland. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Take one magnetic and daring pirate, not a pirate at heart, and turn him over at the end of the story to the service of America instead of to the skull and crossbones; add a "slip of a girl" incredibly cool and courageous for her age and period; mix with a handsome hero who accompanies her through thick and thin—mostly thick; serve with a dash of 1812 and a soupçon of Andrew Jackson, and you have "The Pirate of the Gulf."

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Lincoln's Boy Spy. By Captain Louis Newcome. G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75.

Fourteen-year-old boys having broken into print in the "David" and "Deric" stories, it is but fitting that an eighty-one-year-old lad should also receive a hearing. From this vantage point Captain Newcome tells of the days when he was a spy in the service of the Union army, and of the adored Lincoln days when a presidential idol was far more accessible to hero-worshiping youngsters than in our own time of official pomp and circumstance. The simplicity of those times, the thrill of real and personal danger, and slight silhouette additions to our knowledge of Lincoln and Lee make this little book interesting and informal. The fact that the author has not tried to give his book literary distinction naturally detracts somewhat from its interest.

American Folk and Fairy Tales. Selected by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Hitherto "American folk-lore" has meant, to the general public, Indian and perhaps a few Negro tales. It is, therefore, with a thrill that one realizes how rich our country is in tales which have their roots in a wider literature and are claimed by the Middle West and the South as their own neighborhood property. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Joel Chandler Harris, James Stephens, Percy MacKaye, George B. Grinnell, and others are impressed into service by Rachel Field to make this first contribution to authentic American mythology. It is a notable and impressive showing, and should inspire additions from parts of the country not treated in this volume. The drawings are good, but the colored illustrations are not in harmony with the spirit or make-up of the book.

The Children's Country. By Kay Burdekin. Illustrated in Color by Beth Krebs Morris. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Sophisticated children, familiar with fairy-tale conventions and not too much in love with them, will like this book. It shows the influence on the author of Andersen, Kingsley, and the Irish folk-lore authors, and is the first appearance, to the knowledge of the reviewer, of "tiger tiger burning bright" outside of his own lyric paradise. The children's country, where differences in the sex of children and in the resultant different work for boys and girls are looked upon with amused tolerance by the inhabitants, is pictured with a curious blending of modern standards and Victorian moralizing and in a style which shows a lively imagination and a sense of what is dramatic.

Wild Men of the Wild West. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated by Mabel Pugh. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

Accounts of the exploits of Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, Roaring Mike Fink, Calamity Jane, and some truly wild Indians are here thrillingly and convincingly given by a narrator who possesses an authoritative and dramatic literary touch.

Karoo the Kangaroo. Written and Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

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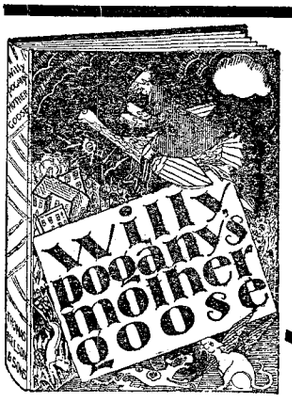

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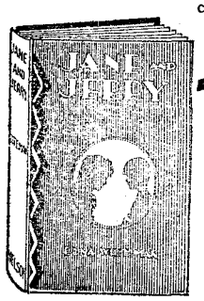

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Fiction in Brief

The Virtue of this Jest. By James Stuart Montgomery. Greenberg. $2.50.

This is a lively, picaresque tale, laid in eighteenth-century London, purporting to be the biography of one Nicholas Swayne (or Swanne) known to the world of letters as Canting Nick, "the Lousy Laureate to the Noble Army of Lossels and Idle Rogues, Past Master in the Frayed Fraternity of Vagabonds, Fellow of the Royal Society of Crack Ropes and Hemp Cheaters, Bachelor of Cant of the Universities of Billingsgate and Newgate." Three citizens, unbeknown to each other, are severally induced by his shrewd mother to acknowledge themselves the father of this little Villon, and through the offices of the most influential of them he is apprenticed early in life to a worthy barber-surgeon. Seduced by the wife of his master, he is forced to flee and eventually drifts into the underworld of beggars, thieves, and highwaymen of the London of that day. Alert, yet cautious, Nick lives by his wits (when not by those of his mistress), playing safe until, on a luckless day, he turns political conspirator not so much because of any devotion for Prince Charles (for whom, indeed, he cares nothing) as by reason of his pride of authorship; for he has all along been a rhymester and now, in addition, becomes pamphleteer extraordinary in the Stuart cause. How nearly he succeeded and how he came to grief along with many better men are the high spots in his career. The author seems easily at home in the London of the time and combines with his historical sense a gift for story-telling and a delightful, ironic style.

East South East. By F. V. Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

An adventure story without a heroine, "East South East" is a robust yarn in which the hero, with the practicality of the early nineteenth-century American, combines a whaling voyage with a treasure hunt and nearly finds himself mixed up in shady French politics. Hamilton Farr runs away from his native Baltimore and, in the course of his wanderings, escapes with such success from storms, press gangs, and foul plots that he and the mysterious Jim can finally set sail for whales and the South Pacific island where Bully Rumbolt guards enormous treasure. The monsters of the deep are caught in the best seafaring manner, and the search for the hidden wealth leaves little in thrills, sudden death, and the treasure itself to be desired.

Living. By Henry Green. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The first impression of this book is that Mr. Green owes a little to James Joyce; the second impression corrects the first in favor of Gertrude Stein; the final impression denies both of the others and grows into the conviction that the style is the author's own:

> Were tins of pineapple in that shop window and she wondered and languor fell on her like in a mist as when the warm air comes down on cold earth; in images she saw in her heart sun countries, sun, and the infinite ease of warmth.

The story deals with the lives of some Birmingham foundry workers from a psychological rather than sociological standpoint. The character delineation that is achieved from the use of dialogue is as subtle as the dialogue itself. Unlike Mr. Hemingway's static conversation this is not only colloquial, revealing, and animated, but varied. It is not, however, so pungent. Yet in the speech of the workers Mr. Green has rooted his style—a manner that is at once lyric, colorful, and original.

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Drama

In the English Manner

THE best plays of the last five or six years have been, for the most part, written in a major key. Pieces like "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," and "Hell Bent for Heaven" were founded upon passion and violence. So too, of course, were those of Eugene O'Neill, and the American stage was distinguished from that of England or France by the bold directness with which it attacked the problems set by life in the twentieth century. Sometimes, indeed, it has seemed as though it were only here that the younger playwrights had kept their nerve—that those abroad were too afraid of being ridiculous to risk much, and that they took refuge in a delicate ingenuity from the dangers incurred by any one who strives to be important.

Personally, I have always preferred our own method. It seemed to accomplish much and to promise more; for while skill can be acquired, the achievement of a playful technique marks the end of a development, and a school of writers which has learned how to avoid the main issue is not likely to learn much more. But I must confess that this year even our playwrights and producers have chosen the minor mood, and that with the solitary exception of the "Criminal Code" no drama has attempted to reach any high seriousness. Such outstanding importations as "Rope's End" and "Many Waters" belong distinctly to the category of stunt plays. So, too, does "Candle Light," and even Mr. Hopkins turned from the grimness of last years "Machinal" to the delightful but purely artificial extravaganza of "The Commodore Marries." In "Strictly Dishonorable" we have, to be sure, one of the best native comedies seen in years, but go where you will among the theaters and you will find that the aim is not to portray passions but to achieve, through the exercise of ingenuity, either sentiment or fantasy or charm.

It was the production of "Berkeley Square" (Lyceum Theater) which provoked these reflections, for in it we have another stunt play which leaves far behind all major emotions and plays very agreeably indeed with an ingenious fancy. Peter Standish, a young American architect, has inherited, so it seems, an old English house in which one of his ancestors had played an important role. Taking up his residence there he discovers that he can walk back and forth through time, that he can step into the shoes of his ancestor and live the life which that man lived in the eighteenth century. He accepts the challenge of the adventure; he finds himself entering the old drawing-room dressed in the costume of the time but still essentially himself, and he plays the game as well as he can. Much charms but much also shocks him. His knowledge of the future sometimes trips him up, but the platitudes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are brilliant epigrams to those around him. He dazzles a statesman by saying that the sun never sets on the British Empire, and he amazes the Duchess of Devonshire with a few epigrams culled from Oscar Wilde. But despite his success he is not really at home. Those ghosts find something terrifying in him just as he finds something unreal in them, and at last he returns to nineteen-twenty-eight carrying with him nothing except the memory of a girl whom he had loved.

Told in this bare outline the story seems preposterous, and indeed it is hardly more than a challenge to the ingenuity of the author, but that challenge he meets amazingly well. The thing is done so easily, so quietly, and with so little machinery that it is as convincing as it needs to be. One is dancing perpetually upon eggs, but the eggs never break and the suspense,

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the sense of a mystery not to be taken quite seriously, never fails. It is light, airy, piquant, and it is played, as it would have to be, almost faultlessly by Leslie Howard, who manages somehow to suggest the delighted bewilderment of the young hero who must appear to be at home in surroundings utterly strange. "Berkeley Square" was written by an American—John Balderston—who has been long resident abroad, and if it were not for his attitude toward his American hero one would swear that the play was English. It is a delightful evening's entertainment. It is novel, expert, intelligent, and ingenious. Moreover, it is written with quiet humor and with just that delicate underemphasis which enables the English to avoid any suggestion of crudity. But the fact remains that it is this tasteful ingenuity rather than any power or penetration, any thought or feeling, that one remembers. It hints at passion, it toys with metaphysics, but it is evident that the playwright is not very much interested in either except as they are devices to be used in making a play. For him the theater is a civilized diversion rather than a means of expression. It is a game to be played with zest and skill and grace, but it is nevertheless a game. And naturally one keeps out of one's plays any problems or conflicts or emotions elemental enough to disturb the even course of the incidents one has devised. Fancy is easily manageable but imagination runs wild. Keep the door of the study shut. A wind from the outside world can play havoc.

At the Greenwich Village Theater the Irish Players have taken up their residence with the avowed intention of presenting a series of plays by O'Casey. Unfortunately their method of playing is such that the lines are not easily understood by an American audience, and I must confess that their first offering, "The Silver Tassie," did not lead me to reverse my opinion that O'Casey's plays have been somewhat overestimated. I find them sensational rather than profound.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

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LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN was formerly editor of *La Democracia,* the oldest daily in Porto Rico, and Economic Commissioner of the Legislature of Porto Rico in the United States.

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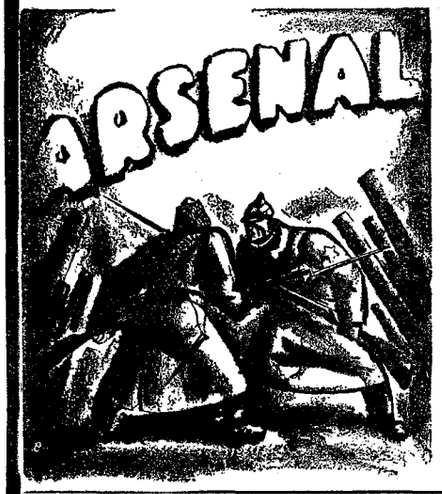

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What Next in Porto Rico?

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

BECAUSE Porto Rico is fundamentally dependent for the solution of its increasingly grave problems upon the American sense of noblesse oblige, many Porto Ricans have viewed the appointment of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to the governorship of the island as a promising gesture. For whatever opinions may be held of his abilities, one thing is undebatable: in accepting the governorship of Porto Rico it is to be assumed that Colonel Roosevelt has not accepted a job, but undertaken a task—perhaps a crusade. As a task or a crusade the position may be worth a good deal to him.

There are at present in the island three political parties where there were only two three months ago. The membership of the Alliance Party, hitherto the majority, has been divided between the old and very powerful Unionist Party, under Senator Antonio R. Barcelo's patriarchal leadership, and the followers of Speaker Tous Soto, who still call their organization the Alliance. As a result of the split—which leaves the Unionist Party almost as powerful as the Alliance used to be—the Socialist-Republicans, under Senators Santiago Iglesias and Rafael Martinez Nadal, bid fair to control the legislature from now on.

The Unionist Party has been the traditional majority party and, like its leader, has a strong emotional hold on the electorate. It has always expressed a nationalist feeling, and now that feeling is embodied in an independence plank. The Socialist-Republican Party, a non-doctrinaire organization similar to the British Labor Party, concentrates its attention upon economic rather than political issues. Paramount among these is the land question. The Alliance, though its platform follows closely that of the Unionists, is drawing the money element around it.

But all this, of course, is mere politics, and the new chief executive has already wisely said that he will not concern himself with political issues but will devote his energy to the economic improvement of the Porto Rican people. When he comes to examine the declarations of the various leaders and parties—and in fact of almost everyone—on economic issues, he will find them all in strange agreement. Absentee landlordism must be diminished; the peasants—a large proportion of them—must be sent back to the land as homesteaders; the proletarization of the island—that is, the tendency of the population to divide into two classes, bosses and peons, must be checked.

The governor will hear from sugar men *sotto voce* warnings against any policy which would affect the labor market, but discounting whispers, he will find hardly a dissenting voice to this program. Not a single political leader dares oppose it, whatever his real desires. There can be no doubt that the re-creation of a large independent yeomanry is the will of the people. The reason is not far to seek. Between 1910 and 1920, when the last two censuses were taken, 30 per cent of Porto Rico's farms were wiped out, and 50 per cent of the farms of one to ten acres—the producers of the untabulated food supply. Out of the island's total area of 2,000,000 acres, one-third is in the hands of less than 500 owners, and the soil whose ownership is so fantastically concentrated is called upon to support a population that exceeds 400 per square mile. The mass of Porto Ricans are landless and must hire themselves out for wages that seldom rise to a dollar a day during the busy season, and often fall as low as forty cents. With the acreage of the island increasingly absorbed by sugar and other export crops, the recipients of such wages must buy the bulk of what they consume in the tariff-tight American market, a market resented even by workers in the United States who get five times as much in wages.

This land monopoly need not be attributed to sinister machinations, although sinister machinations are not unknown. The corporations and individuals that have been absorbing the land have paid for it in good money, even though they may have violated a law of Congress which they have never been required to respect. The farmers have sold their land voluntarily, yielding of course, in some instances, to pressure of circumstances created for the purpose of inducing them to sell. There is, generally speaking, no question of a battle against economic monsters, but of a policy to be developed in the interests of the island's social balance and good health, a policy that will protect the Porto Rican people as much against their own unpremeditated—and quite understandable—impulse to see some ready cash as against the tendencies of powerful economic groups.

What, in tentative outline, would the policy consist of? There are in Porto Rico 40,000 farmers who, with their families, make up about 200,000 inhabitants, or 15 per cent of the population. In an agricultural country the smallness of these figures obviously indicates an abnormal social anatomy. It is conceded that a sound social balance requires that at least half the heads of families in Porto Rico should attain economic independence from the ownership of land. To achieve this result, 100,000 families must be put in the way of acquiring land in farms of an average of, say, five acres each—five hundred thousand acres in all. Surely, if it has not been considered excessive heretofore for less than 500 entities to own one-third of the land, it cannot be considered excessive for half of the people to own one-fourth of the land.

Exactly how this is to be achieved is, of course, a subject to be thoroughly studied. The majority leaders, fearing a stubborn under-cover opposition within their own ranks, as well as reprisals from Washington, have not deemed it wise to offer a concrete program, and the minority was, until the last election, too far from power to bother about it. However, a program along the following lines will sooner or later have to be adopted.

The insular government still has a borrowing capacity of about ten million dollars out of which a revolving fund could be created for the reclamation of land from the larger holders on the principle of eminent domain and public policy.

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The big estates need not be broken up but simply shaved. The government can then reapportion the land thus acquired, selling it in small parcels and on easy terms to landless families selected on the basis of size and the literacy of members—a good whip against illiteracy, by the way—and the transaction should have three strings tied to it: (1) That the parcels shall be forever inalienable, except by special act of the legislature; (2) that each favored family shall be required to produce the bulk of its food from its parcel; and (3) that the planting of a minimum acreage of sugar-cane be insured to fill the needs of mills now existing—which represent legitimately invested capital. Sugar is a bitter thing in Porto Rico, and we don't want more of it; but both the rights of invested capital and the perils of a sudden economic transformation require that no policy be undertaken that does not safeguard the industry that produces half of Porto Rico's wealth. The sugar industry should further be protected by government regulation of contracts between the farmers and the mills—a measure justified by the obvious fact that sugar is as much a public utility in Porto Rico as railroads are in the United States. Whatever the details of the policy outlined, Porto Rico would view it, not as class greed or class war, but as social reconstruction.

I have said that such a policy would have the explicit support of all Porto Rican parties and most Porto Rican leaders. Why has nothing been done about it so far? Because the governor of Porto Rico can, by a ruthless use of patronage and election machinery, destroy any party if given sufficient time; because parties don't like to be destroyed; and because no governor so far has let it be known that such a policy, far from drawing reprisals from him, would enlist his cooperation.

This is the opportunity that Porto Rico offers to Colonel Roosevelt. Under his leadership, the political parties that are in agreement *de jure* can be brought to cooperate *de facto* in the sorely needed readjustment of Porto Rico's social organization. It is difficult to see how a commission composed of the party leaders, presided over by the governor and aided by technicians, could fail to evolve a plan on which the governor and the legislature can cooperate to the fundamental betterment of the Porto Rican people. And it is as difficult to see how the Porto Rican leaders whose parties have made frequent and explicit declarations in favor of a wide diffusion of land ownership, can decline to serve on such a commission.

Mr. Louis Fischer, *The Nation's* correspondent for Russia and the East, will lecture in Cleveland on December 3, and will be available for speaking engagements in neighboring cities shortly before or after that date. Address, Box 2214, % *The Nation*.

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Monday, Nov. 18—Dr. Mark Van Doren—The Autobiography of America—"Footholds on the Eastern Shore."

Wednesday, Nov. 20—Dr. E. Boyd Barrett—Problems in the Psychology of Religion. "The Devil in Religious Thought."

Thursday, Nov. 21—Dr. E. G. Spaulding—The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science. "Truth, Reason and Consistency."

Saturday, Nov. 23—Mr. Houston Peterson—
TYPES OF CHARACTER—"PLUTO, ARISTOTLE AND THEOPHRASTUS"

Evolution Lectures

Dr. ALFRED GUNDERSEN
Of Brooklyn Botanic Garden
"The Plant-Animal Relationship"
Illustrated Lecture
8:15 P. M., Sat. Nov. 16
LABOR TEMPLE
242 E. 14th St., N. Y. C. Admission 35c

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
A Clearing House of Opinion
meets at Auditorium—150 West 85th St.
HARRY HIBSCHMAN, LL.D.
will speak on:
"CRIME, LAW, AND THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR"
Tuesday, November 19th, at 8:30 P. M.
Admission 50c Organized 1918
S. A. Seligson, Director, 285 Madison Ave.

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Sats., 8:30-11, University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St.
Sunds., 4-6, Union Settlement, 237 E. 104th St.

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